

FAIRY TALES  
AND  
GROWING UP  
STORIES

Illustrated by  
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Published by  
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**FAIRY TALES AND GROWN-UP TALK**





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## DEDICATION

**I** dedicate this book,  
with all the love my heart will hold,  
to one who is worth his weight in gold,  
my little son — Jerome.



**I** F some of these lines seem fertilized  
With a few little grains of slang,  
Remember the boy behind the gun—  
Would a real boy muffle the bang?





O VER the hills to childhood's realm,  
Over the meadows of play,  
Over the rivers and lakes of fun,  
Ringing with laughter gay,  
Back to the Castles we built in Spain,  
Back to a world without care,  
Who but a child and memory  
Can pilot us safely there ?



## ILLUSTRATIONS

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Jerome.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Why Does It Rain on Saturdays?.....	<i>Facing p. 3</i>
The Days on Grandfather's Knee ....	" " 17
The Meanest Man on Earth.....	" " 56
Why the Man in the Moon Smiles.....	" " 99
Commotion in Mother Goose Land.....	" " 121



# CONTENTS

	Page
Little Dixie Lou .....	1
The Facts About the Cow Jumping Over the Moon .....	2
Why Does It Rain on Saturdays? .....	3
A Little Boy's Point of View .....	4
No Cause for Apology .....	5
Fate of the Small Boy .....	6
Tommy's Dream .....	7
Why the Stars Twinkle and Blink .....	8
Telephonin' .....	9
The Choice .....	11
The Jolly Rats .....	12
When Father Goes Away .....	13
Which Would be the Worst? .....	14
It Might be Too Far Away .....	15
Tommy's Explanation .....	16
The Days on Grandfather's Knee .....	17
That's the Time .....	18
A Lullaby .....	19
Trail of the Double Crime .....	20
Relatives .....	21
Two Talents .....	23
The Three Companions .....	24
Simpson's Store .....	25
A Little Streak of Yellow .....	26
Ridin' on the Choo-Choo Train .....	27
Mama .....	29
Jus' Before I Go to Sleep .....	30
The Honey Bee .....	31
What Every Little Penny Says .....	32
The Naughty Moon .....	33
The Two Gardens .....	34
A Good Bargain .....	35
Tommy's Composition on Flies .....	37
Little Dorothy and Jack Frost .....	38
A Hard Problem .....	39
Gran'ma .....	40
Shouldn't We Gladly Give God One Day? .....	42



# CONTENTS—Continued

	Page
A Strange Comforter .....	43
The Bumble-Bee and the Naughty Flea .....	44
What Does it Matter? .....	45
My Favorite Flower .....	46
Cyrus Sill's Advice .....	47
The Meadow and the Seasons .....	49
Tommy's Vacation Thoughts .....	50
Clovers .....	51
When the Mud's a-Splashin' High .....	52
The Birthday Photograph .....	53
Quite Different .....	54
The Brand .....	55
The Meanest Man on Earth .....	56
Letter Writing .....	57
My Sister Emeline .....	58
Roderick's Christmas Eve .....	59
When the Summer is a-Cummin' .....	62
Dick Sicard's Letter .....	63
A Wise Precaution .....	66
It Didn't Pay .....	67
Too Great a Speed .....	68
Uncle Ephraim Adolphus True .....	69
Scrubbing .....	70
Tommy's Heart .....	71
When Comp'ny Came to Call .....	72
The Snow Birds .....	75
Little Queen Day and Old King Night .....	76
You Just Ask My Uncle Sam .....	78
Johnny's Principles .....	80
Grandpa's Story .....	81
A Pretty Small "Potate" .....	82
Proven .....	83
The Great Procession .....	84
Contentment .....	85
The Foolish Birds .....	86
Slumberland .....	87
Tommy's Views .....	88
The No-Name Boy and the Reporter .....	89
Dear Ole Jack .....	90





# CONTENTS—Continued

	Page
Wish it Was the Other Way .....	93
The Trail to Heroism .....	94
What Gran'ma Says .....	95
The Four-Leaf Clover .....	96
Summer Vacation .....	97
Bed-Time Fairies .....	98
Why the Man in the Moon Smiles .....	99
Facts .....	100
Everybody's Teasin' Me .....	101
Askin' Things .....	102
? .....	103
A Wonderful Trick .....	104
The Story of Little Regret .....	105
A Good Plan .....	110
Hard Luck .....	111
Mother Was a Girl, You Know .....	112
Fishes .....	113
The Two Artists .....	114
When I'm a Big Man By an' By .....	115
If .....	116
The Fairy-Bird .....	117
Tommy's Logic .....	118
If I Could Have One Wish Come True .....	119
A Great Scheme .....	120
Commotion in Mother Goose Land .....	121
Spring Rains .....	123
Wouldn't You Like to if You Could? .....	124
Fairyland .....	125
Tommy and Thunderstorms .....	126
Aunt Ophelia—My Great Aunt .....	127
Little Ted's Ideas .....	128
Mama's Brave Protector .....	129
Bad Signs for Bad Children .....	130
A Lesson .....	131
A Happy Land for Boys .....	132
The Exchange .....	133
The Prairie Crocus .....	134
Tommy's Troubles .....	135
Dreamland .....	137



# CONTENTS—Continued

	Page
The Foundation of Man .....	138
The Poor Little Captive Flower .....	139
It's the Little Things That Tell .....	140
Do You Know? .....	141
What Money Cannot Buy .....	142
Try .....	143
A Morning Prayer .....	144
An Evening Prayer .....	145
Good-Bye .....	146



1

## LITTLE DIXIE LOU

ONCE upon a time in the days of long ago,  
On a rugged mountain-peak capped with ice and snow,  
There dwelt a tiny Fairy by the name of Dixie Lou,  
A dainty little Fairy that all the children knew.

She never came out day times, as strange as this may seem,  
But she always met the little folks in every pleasant dream;  
She'd take them back to Fairyland and ask each child its name,  
Then open an enormous book and write therein the same.

She granted then to every boy five wishes he might make,  
And to the little girls, they say, she often granted eight;  
All night she let them play and dance and sing in childish glee,  
And if they tired, she let them rest beneath her magic tree.

Then, just before the peep of day, when all the stars were bright,  
She took the children home again and kissed each child good-night.  
When little ones cried out at night, their mothers always knew  
The reason was the parting kiss of Little Dixie Lou.

## THE FACTS ABOUT THE COW JUMPING OVER THE MOON

EVERY child has heard  
The legend absurd,  
That a cow jumped over the moon.

But what really took place  
Greatly alters the case,  
And you'll find it a quite different tune.

It happened this way,—  
On the first of May,  
A dear little calf was born.

And to tell you the truth,—  
It hadn't a tooth,  
And it hadn't the sign of a horn.

It frolicked and danced,  
It scampered and pranced,  
And at last it jumped very high.

Then a sad thing occurred,—  
A mighty wind stirred,  
And lifted that calf toward the sky.

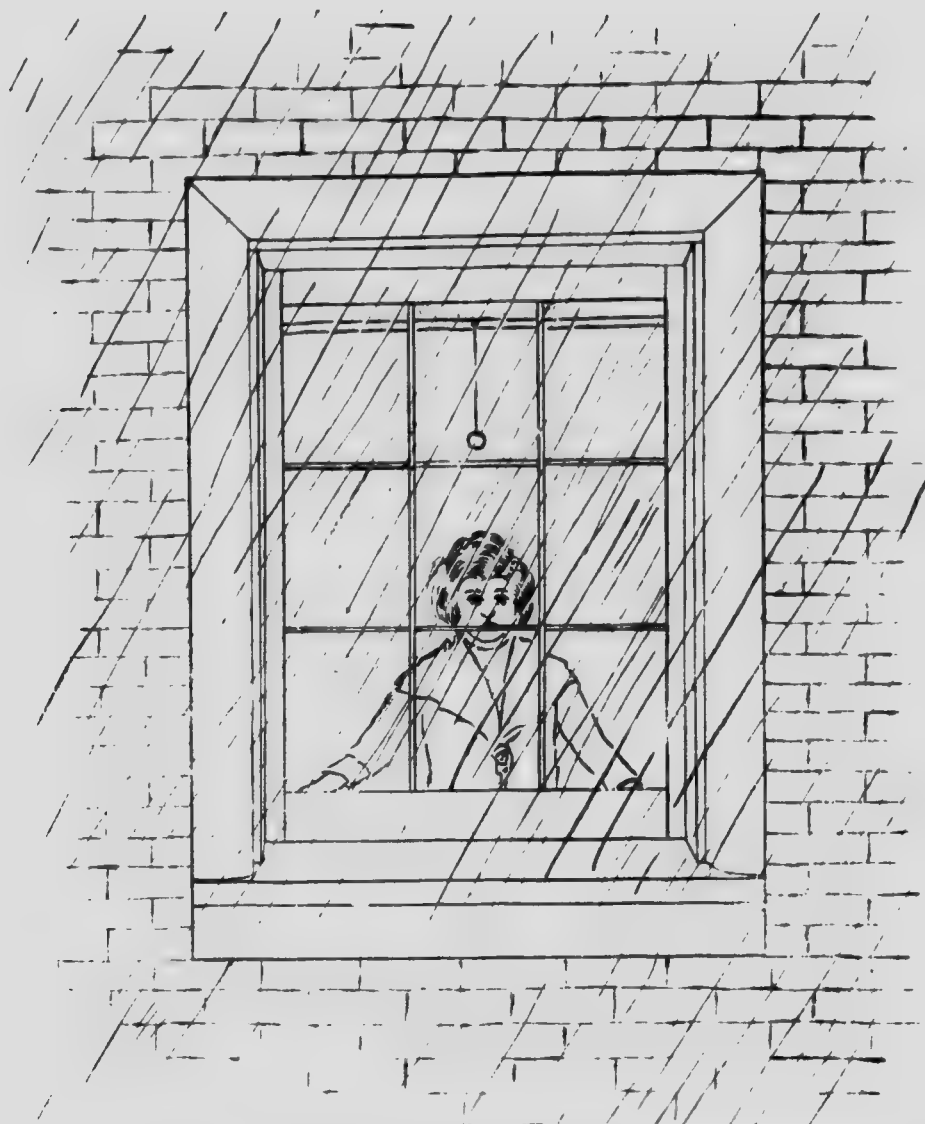
An aeroplane,  
Called the Champion Maine,  
Came 'long at a two-forty clip.

The Engineer spying  
What he thought a calf flying,  
Increased the speed of his ship.

On reaching the calf,  
Landed it with a laugh,  
Then over the moon they went flying.

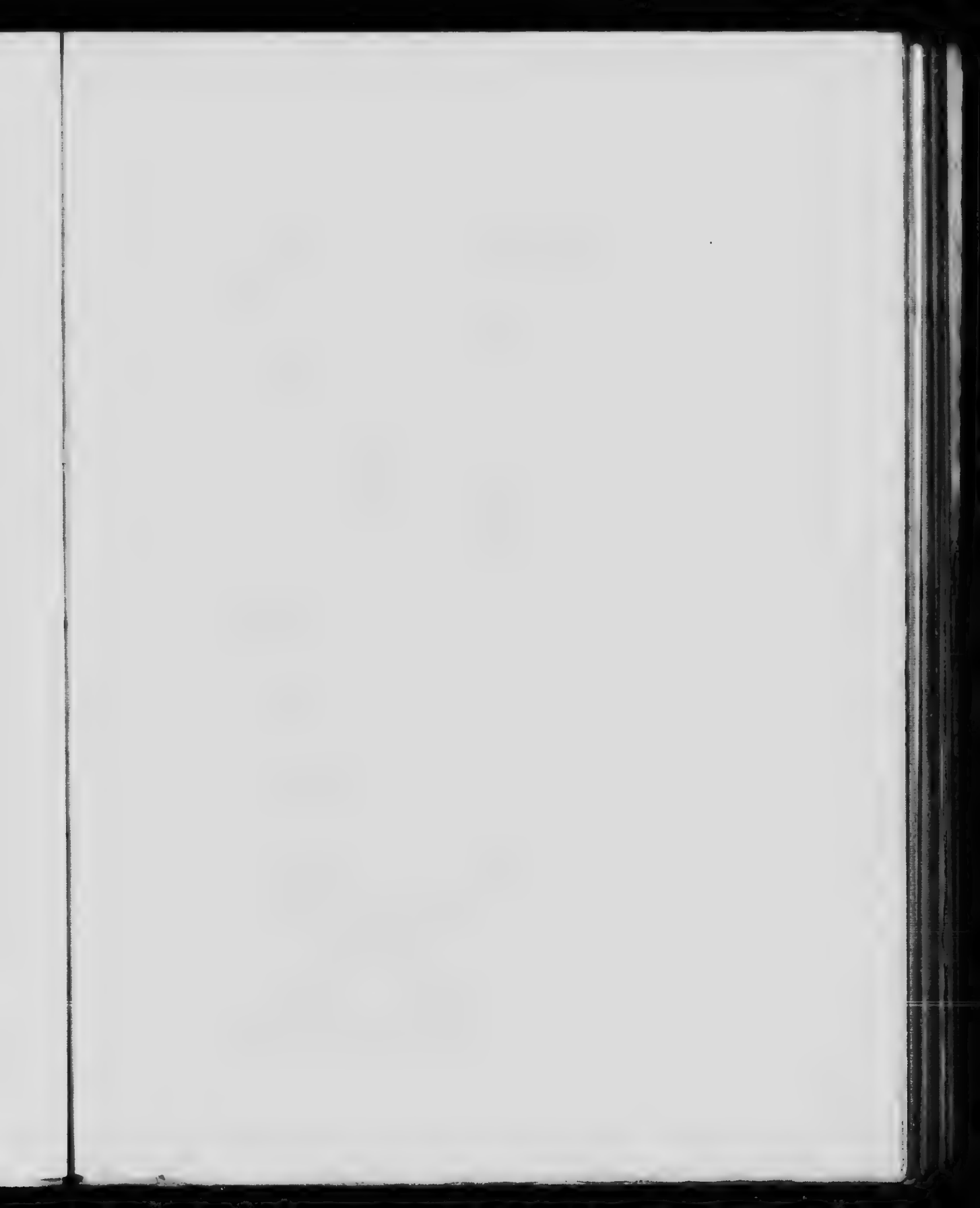
So you see this is how  
A calf, *not* a cow,  
Jumped over the moon without trying





*"Why does it Rain on Saturdays"*







## WHY DOES IT RAIN ON SATURDAYS ?

I WISH someone would tell me  
(For I can't understand)  
Why it rains on Saturdays  
Enough to flood the land ?

Mama gets provoked at me ;  
She says I'm much too small  
To criticize the weather,  
For God controls it all.

I tell her how the sun shines  
Each day while I'm in school,  
But when my play-day comes around,  
The ground is one big pool.

Then nurse gives me a lecture  
And says to run away  
To books and toys made just for boys  
Who can't go out and play.

But, come to think it over,  
I guess the Lord is right;  
For when I play on Saturdays,  
I play with all my might.

And thirsty ? well, I guess I am,  
As thirsty as can be,  
Then if I had no water  
From breakfast time till tea,—

You bet there'd be a rumpus,  
A dandy one you'd see!  
So why should this big world go dry  
For little kids like me ?

Now, when it rains on Saturdays,  
I'll close my eyes and say:  
Dear God do as it pleases you,  
You're welcome to my day.

### A LITTLE BOY'S POINT OF VIEW

CAROLINE, my sister, she,  
(Who in a few more days will be)  
Four years old, is awful dear  
But still she, like all girls, is queer.

She's scar't to death of everything,  
She's scar't to jump, an' scar't to swing,  
An' scar't mos' green to climb a tree,  
An' half the time she's scar't of me.

She's scar't of snakes, an' scar't of rats,  
An' since Tom's fit, she's scar't of cats;  
An' you should see her run an' cry,  
When a bumble-bee flies by.

I'd give a nickel, if I knew,  
One thing that don't scare girls in two,  
An' then, I'd give a nickel more  
To really know what girls are for.

## NO CAUSE FOR APOLOGY

**I**T seems so very funny that I eat three times a day,  
An' never tire of eatin', though I often tire of play;  
An' why I'm hungry mos' the time, I can't quite understand;  
But that's the way with boys, I guess, through this an' every land.

At breakfast, I eat such a pile I think I'm goin' to die,  
But when my dinner time comes 'round, I'm hungry 'nough to cry,  
An' whiffy! such a dinner then as I make disappear!  
You'd think I wouldn't care to eat again for mos' a year.

But when the tea-bell rings, you bet, I'm first to take my seat,  
An' it would shock an animal to see the 'mount I eat.  
An' when I go to bed right after eatin' such a heap,  
It's jus' about impossible to settle down an' sleep.

'Cause when my stomach's jam-packed full, the bed seems awful hard,  
An' I decide right then an' there my appetite I'll guard.  
But after 'while I go to sleep an' wake up feelin' slick,  
An' then the thought of breakfast makes me get dressed double-quick.

An' there I am, another day, a-eatin' maybe more,  
But I'm not goin' to 'pologize, 'cause *that's* what food is for.

### FATE OF THE SMALL BOY

I'M blamed for everything I do,  
And I'm blamed for things I don't do, too.  
My big brother, he's a Saint,  
But don't you b'lieve it 'cause he ain't.  
I get blamed for his bad acts,  
It makes no difference 'bout the facts.  
I'm blamed for this and I'm blamed for that,  
And I'm blamed when somebody steps on the cat.  
But I never get praised when I do something good,  
So I guess little boys aren't *quite* understood.

## TOMMY'S DREAM

I HEARD a noise the other night,  
That sounded like a mouse  
Was eatin' up the furniture,  
An' tearin' down the house.

I listened till my hands an' feet  
Got just as cold as ice,  
An' every time I turned in bed,  
I thought I rolled on mice.

I tried to call to Mama, but—  
I couldn't make a sound,  
An' then I thought a great big rat  
Gave one tremendous bound.—

An' struck the ceilin' awful hard,  
Then dropped upon my bed  
With both my nice new night-slippers  
A-perched up on his head.

He laughed so hard he couldn't talk  
For 'bout an hour or more,  
An' danced upon my two big toes  
Until he made 'em sore.

An' then he drew a great big gun  
That held a pound of lead,  
An' told me not to make a sound  
Or he would shoot me dead.

An' then he hung my slippers up  
An' shot 'em full of holes,  
Until there wasn't nothin' left,  
But jus' two ragged soles.

Then somethin' shook me awful hard,  
An' someone hugged me tight,  
An' there I was in Mama's arms,  
An' no big rat in sight.

## WHY THE STARS TWINKLE AND BLINK

THE funny old man, that lives in the moon,  
Lights up his house very gay,  
After the sun goes over the hill,  
Just at the close of day.

He calls to his children, the pretty stars,  
And one by one they appear;  
If you watch you can see them every night,  
Provided the sky is clear.

Now where do you think they hide all day,  
And what do you s'pose they do?  
Spend their time in frolic and play,  
Or study in school like you?

If one or the other should prove the case,  
Then tell me—when do they sleep?  
That's always been a great mystery to me,  
A mystery profound and deep.

For I'm sure it's not when you children do,  
They're up all night as you see.  
I've pondered over it many a day,  
And still it perplexes me.

It may be the star-children never do sleep,  
And now that I stop to think,  
I guess their poor eyes are heavy with sleep,  
And that's why they twinkle and blink.



## TELEPHONIN'

MAMA told me yesterday  
She'd have to go down town,  
An' for fear the 'phone might ring,  
I'd better stay aroun'.

Jus' as she had closed the door,  
The plagued thing it rang,  
An' I ran down stairs so fast,  
I slipped an' fell ker-bang!

'Course I had to stop an' cry—  
Thought I smashed a bone.  
When at last I hobbled there,  
I couldn't reach the 'phone.

I hunted round for 'bout an hour  
To find a tiny chair.  
The old bell ringin' all the time,  
I yellin'—I'll be there!

I took the funny handle down,  
An' hollered—how-da-do?  
Then the crossest man yelled out  
"Who on earth are you?"

I told him that my name was Tom,  
An' I was all alone,  
An' if he wanted my Mamma,  
On her return she'd 'phone.

Jus' then something gave a crack,  
An' nearly broke my ear.  
What the man said after that,  
I couldn't zackly hear.

## TELEPHONIN'

Then someone said—"Get off the line!

I'm talking, can't you see?"

I said I couldn't see them,

An' asked if they saw me.

A lady laughed an' asked, real nice,

If I was thirty-four.

I told her no, but I'd be six,

In jus' 'bout one week more.

Then a man came buttin' in,

An' mad—I guess he was—

He yelled an' hollered this way,

Till everything went buzz.

"Hello, hello, I say hello,

Central is that you?"

It's me, says I, an' I'm gettin' tired,

Of sayin' how-da-do.

An' if you haven't nothin' more

That you would like to say,

If you will please excuse me,

I'd like to go an' play.

When Mama goes down town again,

I've got a dandy plan;

I'll 'phone that Central Lady,

As quick as ever I can.

I'll say I wish to be excused,

An' Mama's gone away.

If someone 'phones, to take their card,

An' keep it till nex' day.

### THE CHOICE

**G**OD gave the meadow her daisies fair,  
The dell, her sweet shady nook;  
But, in my estimation, none can compare  
With the song He gave to the brook.

## THE JOLLY RATS

**I**F you want some fun to-day,  
Come an' watch our ball nine play.  
We're the champion team of town—  
The Jolly Rats  
Of Gumbo Flats—

There ain't a team can put us down.

We're goin' to play the Purple Mice,  
We've already beat 'em twice,  
An' we'll lick 'em now, you bet;  
We've never met our equal yet.

The captain of our team, Bob Dye,  
Can bat a ball mos' to the sky,  
An' our pitcher, Tommy Tyng,  
Can throw a curve like everything.

An' Mickie Bruce, our shortstop, he,  
Can put 'em out like two-forty;  
An' when it comes to bein' square,  
Bill O'Neil our umpire's there.

My position ain't so grand,  
I jus' take tickets at the stand.  
But I'm the smallest of the gang,  
So this year I don't give a whang.

But in another year they say,  
If I grow, they'll let me play  
Right or left field, an' you know  
That position ain't so slow.

It's up to me to hustle now,  
For if I'm late there'll be a row;  
But if you want some fun to-day,  
You'd better come an' watch us play.

## WHEN FATHER GOES AWAY

**W**HEN Father goes away,  
If only for a day,  
Every soul around the place  
Has the saddest kind of face.

Nothing seems the same,  
It's quite another game,—  
When Father goes away,  
If only for a day.

When Father goes away,  
If only for a day,  
Breakfast seems so awful quiet,  
All decide they'd rather diet.  
At dinner folks all cry,  
An' no one wishes pie,—  
When Father goes away,  
If only for a day.

When Father goes away,  
If only for a day,  
When our bed time comes around  
We're scared to death at every sound.  
The whole house seems so still,  
We get a nervous chill,—  
When Father goes away,  
If only for a day.

When Father goes away,  
If only for a day,  
When we see him coming back  
Rush an' grab him from the hack.  
The dark clouds look much lighter,  
The sun shines ten times brighter—  
When Father comes back home again,  
Life is sure worth living then.

### WHICH WOULD BE THE WORST?

I LICKED a kid the other day  
For gettin' too blamed smart;  
But then my Gran'ma, she right up  
An' took the smarty's part.

The calf, he yelped like he was kilt,  
An' Gran'ma thought he was.  
An' made the awf'lest silly fuss  
Like all scar't women does.

She hugged an' kissed an' squeezed him, till—  
She mos' kilt him herself;  
Then stuffed him full of jam an' cake  
Swiped off my private shelf.

An' when my Gran'ma she got through  
A-comfortin' that kid,  
She flew all 'round the house an' told  
My fam'ly what I did.

Of course it busted Mama's heart  
To hear that I'd been bad,  
An' nurse she had an' awful fit,  
An' got jus' snortin' mad.

An' Gran'pa quickly left the room,  
A-holdin' down a smile,  
An' Uncle Tom mos' choked to death  
From coffin' such a pile.

But Papa turned to me an' said—  
"See here my little lad,  
I don't call standin' up for yourself  
As bein' very bad.

And if you hadn't licked that boy,  
Whom you say struck you first,  
Then I'd have whipped you good an' hard,  
So *which* would be the worst?"

## IT MIGHT BE TOO FAR AWAY

WINTER mornin's, my, but it's dark,  
    'Bout seven o'clock or so;  
    An' cold, why my room's *jus' freezin'*,  
My bed feels like it was snow;  
    An' when I get up to light the gas  
I tell you it ain't no fun,  
    For I stumble 'round an' bump my head  
A million times 'fore I'm done.

An' while I'm tryin' to find a match,  
    I'm scared I'll step on a mouse;  
But to tell the truth, I don't believe  
    There ever was one in the house.  
Then *jus'* as the match is burnin' nice,  
    The hot end drops on my toe,  
Then jimminy, but I dance a jig.  
    An' you can bet it ain't slow!

But in Summer it's different, for then you see  
    The mornin's are warm an' bright,  
An' I don't go stumblin' an' break my neck  
    Before I can find a light;  
But I *jus'* get up as nice as you please,  
    Then in a jiffy or two,  
My clothes are on, an' my hair's all brushed,  
    An' goodie, my washin's through.

Now I've been thinkin' mos' ser'ously,  
    If only I wasn't so small,  
I'd *jus'* go huntin' to find some town  
    Where there ain't no winter at all;  
An' where it never gets dark one speck,  
    No more'n it does all day,  
But I guess I'll wait till I get kinda big,  
    'Cause it *might be* too far away.

## TOMMY'S EXPLANATION

SOMETIMES I act jus' awful bad,  
An' make my folkses drefful mad;  
But I don't mean to—'course I don't,  
When Satan tempts, I say—I *won't*.

But nen my eyes right up an' see  
Things they shouldn't, nen show me;  
Nen my awf'lest wicked ears  
Tell me quick 'at no one hears.

An' nen my heart, which was real sad,  
All at once gets bustin' glad;  
Nen my naughty feet jus' trot  
Right straight over to the spot.

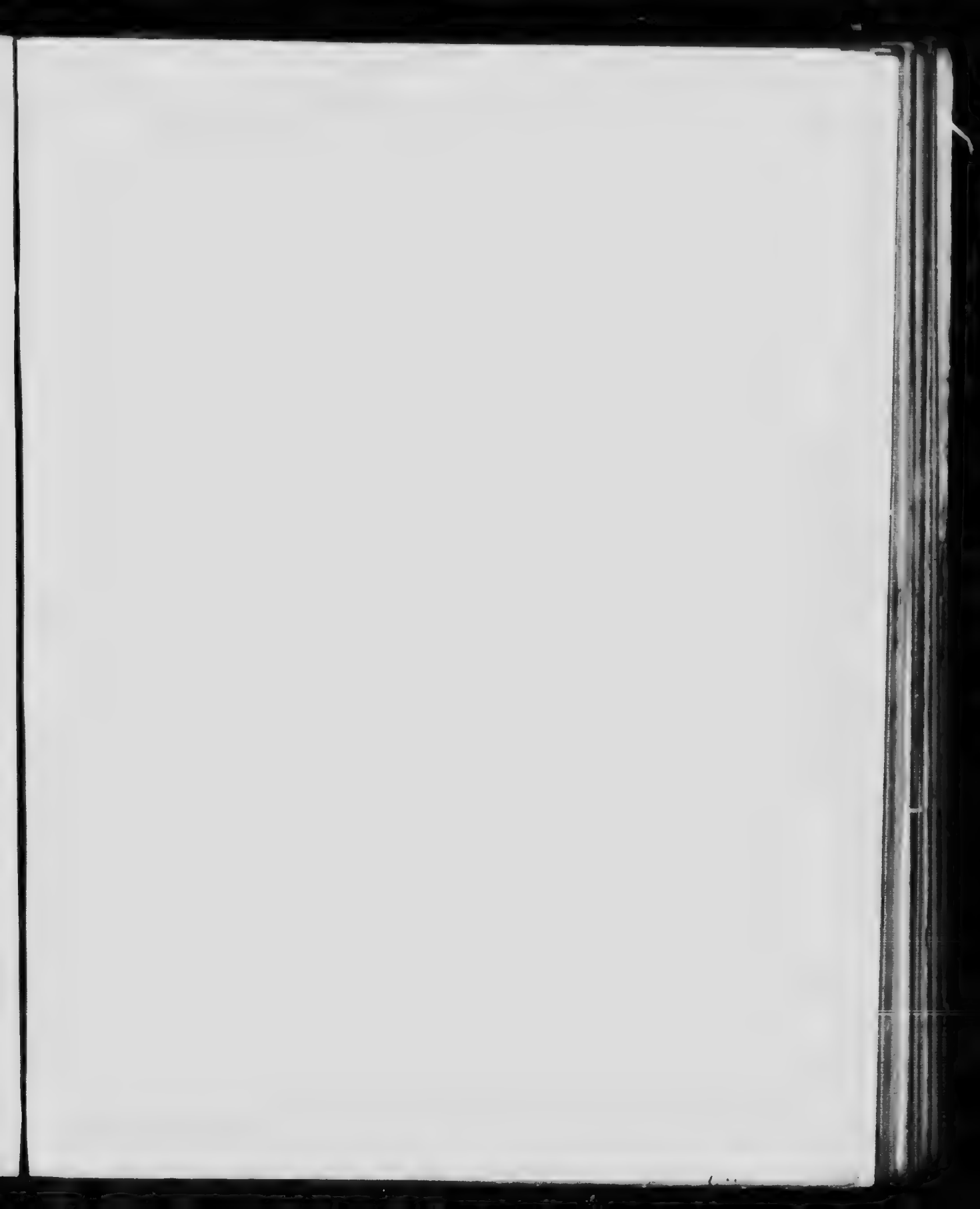
An' when my lazy han's get there,  
'Course they got to do their share;  
An' fly right into mischief things,  
Quicker than if they 'ad wings.

Nen somethin' funny, right inside,  
Sorter tells me—run an' hide;  
An' when I'm runnin' nurse comes 'long,  
An' somehow knows 'at I've done wrong.

An' nen my tongue, it has to go  
An' make me say things what ain't so;  
Nen Mama gives a great big rush  
An' gets that drefful spankin' brush.

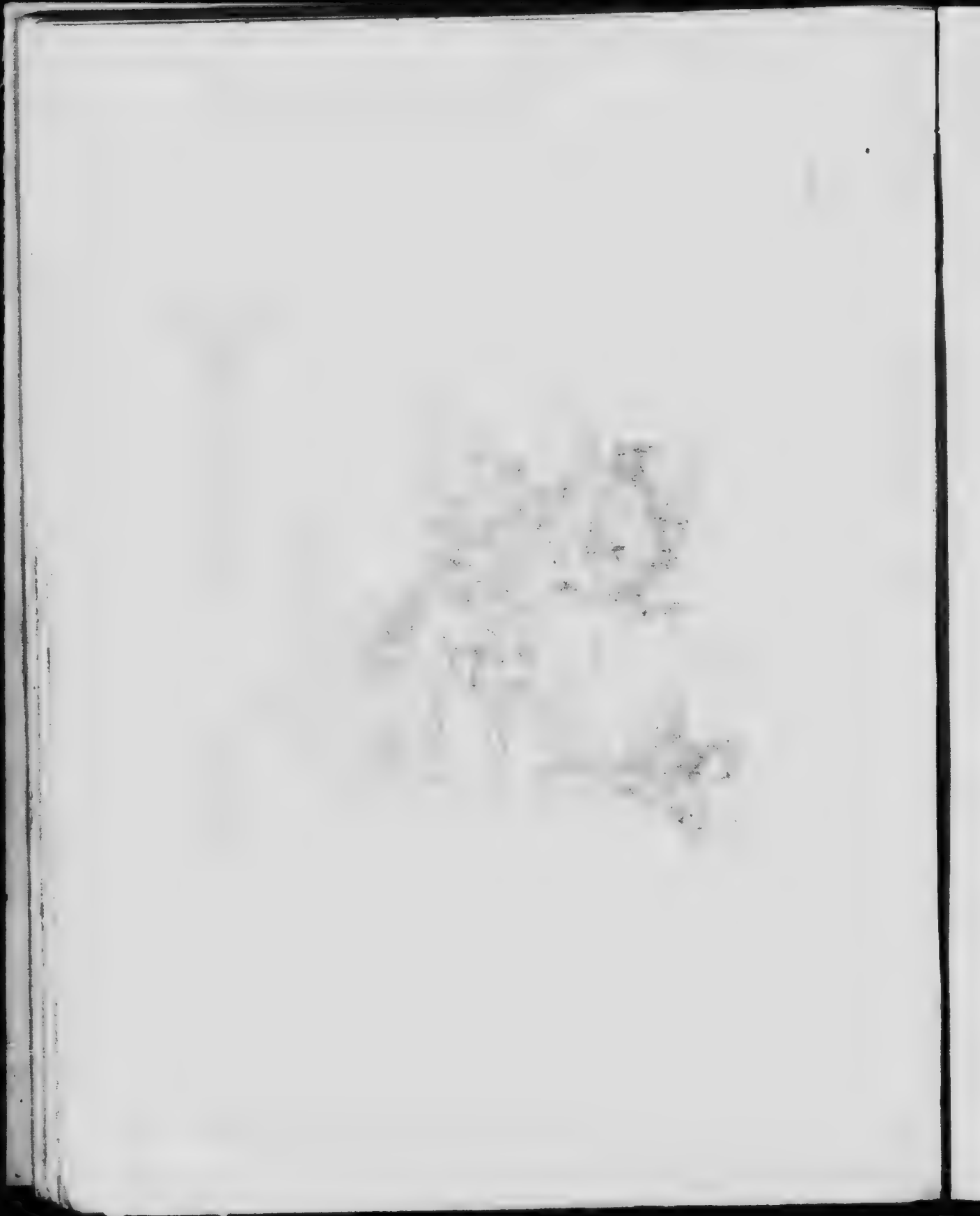
An' nen I get it, you jus' bet!  
I can almos' feel it yet.  
But it ain't *my fault*, can't you see,  
It's jus' those naughty parts of me.







1000



## THE DAYS ON GRANDFATHER'S KNEE

**H**OW well I remember my boyhood days  
When I sat on my Grandfather's knee,  
And listened to stories of Indian wars  
And to tales of the Arctic Sea.

I can picture him now, with his corn-cob pipe,  
As he sat in his big arm chair,  
And his signal for me to climb on his knee,  
And his smile as I scrambled there.

I can see the old man as he sat by the fire,  
And the logs as they crackled and burned,  
And the proud expression that came on his face  
As he spoke of some medal he earned.

I can hear him say, "Lad, which one to-day?  
A tale of the great Arctic Sea?  
Or the Indian outbreak of 'Seventy-six,  
When the Savages captured me?"

Ah, well I recall those tales always new,  
Those chapters of peril and strife,  
And the tears that came to those dear gray eyes  
As he touched on his younger life.

But the volume is ended, the book is closed,  
And its author has gone from our side,  
Though it seems but a day since I was a boy,  
But a day, since my Grandfather died.

What laddie appreciates boyhood's dream,  
That idol of memory?  
But show me the man that would not go back  
To those days on his Grandfather's knee.

### THAT'S THE TIME

I SAW a robin, yesterday,  
An' that's a sign of Spring, they say.  
My, I hope that sayin's true,  
For I love Spring—indeed I do.

That's the time for flyin' kites,  
An' that's the time for school-boy fights,  
An' that's the time for marbles too,  
An' roller skates look good to you.

An' that's the time for bats an' balls,  
An' scramblin' into over-alls,  
An' that's the time for swappin' things,  
Which makes boys happier than kings.

An' that's the time you wonder why  
There's such a thing, beneath the sky,  
As school—for that's the *only* thing  
That really mars the joys of Spring.

### A LULLABY

OLD Mother Day closes her eyes,  
As the evening clouds appear in the skies.  
The birdies sing their good-night song,  
And back to their little nests they throng.

The wee stars creep out one by one.  
The silvery moon replaces the sun.  
Hark! my babe, to the silent call,—  
When Nature sleeps—'tis bedtime for all.

## TRAIL OF THE DOUBLE CRIME

**I**F a body  
Meet a body  
About to steal a pie,  
If a body  
Accuse a body  
Need a body *lie?*



## RELATIVES

**G**OT so many relatives  
I don't know what to do,—  
A thousand Aunts an' Uncles,  
A million Cousins, too.

If a little boy like me  
Only had a few,  
It would be quite easy,  
To 'member who is who.

But when one has so many,  
You bet it ain't no fun,  
'Cause I get 'em all mixed up,  
An' can't tell one from one.

I call some Cousins—Uncle,  
An' Great, Great Uncle Thad,  
Call him Cousin every time,  
Which makes him kinda mad.

An' then my Cousin 'Liz'beth,  
The biggest one of all,  
I call her Aunt Matilda,  
An' *she's* jus' awful small.

My second Cousins—Reuben Skenk  
An' Ebenezer Gill,  
I've never even seen 'em,  
An' hope I *never* will.

## RELATIVES

'Cause I'm mixed up about enough,  
As it is you see;  
An' maybe they're all mixed up too,  
An' hopin' same 'bout me

An' then, to make things worser still,  
'Bout every little while,  
My relatives get married,  
Because it's all the style.

*I think I'll get married to.*  
*And it seems to* A-comin' straight my way,  
'Cause then lots more new relatives,  
Pop up every day.

I wonder if there's any place,  
In all the world, where I  
Could hide from half my relatives?  
'Cause if I don't I'll die.

Of course I love 'em very much,  
An' they love me, I'm sure;  
But then I'd have more love to spare,  
If only I had fewer.

## TWO TALENTS

"HUM!" said the mosquito,  
"Buzz!" said the bee,  
"Z-i-p-p!" said the grasshopper,  
"You can't jump like me."

"Don't want to!" said the mosquito,  
"Don't care to!" said the bee,  
"You look so awful foolish,  
Jumping like a flea."

"Ah!" said the grasshopper,  
"Watch me later on;  
Then I'll show you both a trick,  
When my wings I don."

For if I tire of jumping,  
I'll just turn and fly,  
And change about—which you can't do,  
No matter how you try."

### THE THREE COMPANIONS

**T**O-DAY, To-morrow and Yesterday,  
Are the closest companions I know;  
They travel along beside our path  
Wherever we choose to go.

To-morrow is always seen ahead,  
And Yesterday lags behind;  
While tripping along between the two,  
The genial To-day, you'll find.

And it makes no difference how fast they move,  
And it makes no difference how slow,  
They never can pass one another,  
No matter what pace they go.

Thus, they have journeyed for many a year,—  
Indeed, since the world began.  
And thus they'll continue to travel  
To the end of time and of man.

## SIMPSON'S STORE

I SPEND all my pennies at Simpson's Store,  
Right 'round the corner from our back door.  
They've got things 'sorted in cases, all nice,  
The dandiest things at the littlest price.

They sell pads an' pencils an' rulers an' slates,  
An' marbles an' kites an' jack knives an' skates,  
An' candies of *every* color an' size,  
An' doughnuts an' cake an' cute little pies.

An' peanuts an' popcorn, for five cents a bag,  
An' nice rosy apples all shined with a rag,  
An' the prettiest dolls I ever did see,  
But jimminy crickets! what's *that* to me?

An' the lady that always waits on us boys,  
Don't make a big fuss if we handle the toys;  
But she's jus' as kind as a lady can be,  
An' stacks of times she *gives* things to me.

An' somehow those things seem always the best,  
More than those 'at I pay for an' all the rest;  
But Mama don't like me to do things that way,  
'Cause she says the poor lady may need the pay.

Once she gave me the dandiest thing,—  
A big chocolate rat with a tail of string. —  
The kind o' candy you jus' lick an' lick,  
An' can't eat enough to make you real sick.

An' another time, she gave me an' my chum  
A great big stick of a new kind o' gum;  
But it wasn't as good as the old kind I chew,  
For it stuck to my teeth a lot worse than glue.

My cousin, whose name is Billy McCrutch,  
Says he likes another store *twice* as much;  
But I'll bet he has to pay ten times more  
For his stuff, than I do at Simpson's Store.

An' I've been thinkin' that maybe some day,  
By puttin' a few of my pennies away,  
That when I'm a man of 'bout eighty-four,  
I might have enough to buy Simpson's Store.

An' then all my nice little girls an' boys  
Wouldn't have to pay for their candy an' toys;  
An' that would kinda help me out too,  
So I guess that's jus' what I'll plan to do.

### A LITTLE STREAK OF YELLOW

PAPA knows a certain fellow,  
That's got a little streak of yellow  
Some place on him, but just where  
I can't say—still it's *there*.

Laugh all you want to, but I know  
'Cause he told my Mama so;  
S'pose he thought that no one heard  
But *I* did, and every word.

Said,—“Bob would be a splendid fellow,  
If it wasn't for that streak of yellow;”  
Said,—“it showed up now and then,  
And hurt him lots among the men.”

Ought to see *me* when I play,—  
Have big black streaks all the way  
From my head down to my toes,  
But it don't *hurt* me—goodness knows.

So how can a little streak of yellow  
Hurt a great big grown-up fellow?  
I'm just a *little* bit afraid  
That Mr. Bob's a prude old maid.

## RIDIN' ON THE CHOO-CHOO TRAIN

**R**IDIN' on the choo-choo train,  
Znough to drive a boy insane.  
I don't like it—not one bit,  
Nearly sends me in a fit.

Whistles toot an' make me feel  
Zif I'd also like to squeal.  
Then the great big engine bell  
Rings so loud I almos' yell.

Look out of the window, till,—  
I get tired of sittin' still.  
Then run up an' down the aisle,  
Grown-folks grumblin' all the while.

In comes big conductor man,—  
Grabs me (that is if he can);  
Tells me, in the crossest way,—  
“On trains, boys ain't 'lowed to play.”

Then some lady beckons me  
An' stuffs me full of pink candy,  
Which is awful kind I know,  
If after that she'd let me go.

But instead she pats my head,  
An' asks me, what books I've read.  
Says,—she's sure I love my school  
An' that I'm good an' keep the rule.

Then she wants to know my name,  
An' the town from where I came,  
An' other things she asks 'bout  
Till she's got me all tired out.

## RIDIN' ON THE CHOO-CHOO TRAIN

Then a man comes through the train,  
Yellin' like he had a pain,—  
"Peanuts, popcorn, chewin' gum"—  
Wants to know if I'll have some.

'Course I tell him—yes I will  
(But my folks won't pay the bill);  
Then I get real mad an' cry,  
An' the man *he* passes by.

Car gives one tremendous crash,  
'Nough to make the windows smash;  
Down I tumble to the floor,  
An' the passengers jus' roar!

So where's the fun in takin' trips?  
It may be different on big ships.  
But when it comes to trains an' boys,  
Jus' leave me home with books an' toys.



## MAMA

MAMA'S awful good to me,  
Better than she ought to be.  
I don't deserve one half I get,  
'Cause in return I make her fret;  
An' once I made her cry,  
Because I told a lie.  
But I promised her right then,—  
I'd never tell a fib again.

She don't spank me half enough.  
My punishments are just a bluff.  
For when I'm bad an' sent to bed,  
Mama brings me jam an' bread.  
When supper time appears,  
She kisses 'way my tears;  
An' with n. supper-tray sends up  
Some candy hidden in a cup.

When I think how good and kind  
Mama is to me, I find  
That it's because she loves me so,  
An' prays each day that I may grow  
To be an honest man;  
An' with her aid I can.  
So I'll just try to do my best,  
An' Mama'll help me with the rest.

If I should ever be inclined  
To get real spunky, an' not mind  
On Mama's making some request,  
I'll just remember she knows best.  
I'll see her love prevail,  
An' with it I can't fail  
To do the thing she bids me do,  
Because you see *I love her too.*

### JUS' BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP

**A**T night when I'm all snug in bed,  
Lights are out an' prayers are said,  
I cuddle down an' think a heap,—  
Jus' before I go to sleep.

Think of all the girls an' boys,  
Think about my books an' toys,  
Count the days till school is out,  
When I can fish all day for trout.

Lots of times I plan an' plan,  
What I'll do when I'm a man.  
Once I thought I'd like to be  
A sailor-boy an' live at sea.

Then I thought I'd like it best  
To be a cowboy 'way out West.  
Other times I sorter think,  
P'r'aps I'll run a skatin' rink.

Then my thoughts all fade away.—  
Don't know nothin' till nex' day.  
But *that's* the time I think a heap,—  
Jus' before I go to sleep.

## THE HONEY BEE

**L**ITTLE Miss Bee works as hard as she can,  
But big Mr. Bee is a lazy old man.  
She goes to the clover field every fine day,  
And gathers the honey to store it away.

But she doesn't like children to interfere,  
And is never quite happy while they are near.  
When bad boys catch her or pull her wing,  
Isn't it natural that she should sting?

If a giant should walk to your room some night  
And grab you—wouldn't you holler or fight?  
But the poor little Bee, when she is afraid,  
Can't holler like you and call for aid.

So she draws her weapon and stands on guard,  
And you know if you plague her, she'll sting you hard.  
So you see if you're injured, it's not the Bee's fault,  
For she gives you fair warning before the assault.

Now promise me, dear, when Miss Bee comes along,  
Troubling no one, just singing her song,  
That you'll do her no harm—it's the least you can do,  
For remember she's gathering the honey for you.

### WHAT EVERY LITTLE PENNY SAYS

I'M only a little copper cent, and my  
Mission on earth is small,  
But I'm treasured by people of every rank,  
By children most of all.

I visit the homes of the happy and sad,  
And those of the rich and poor;  
I travel forever from hand to hand,  
My journey's an endless tour.

I frequently gladden a poor broken heart,  
And to others bring sorrow, they say,  
But I'm blamed unjustly for many a thing,  
As I journey upon my way.

I never willingly did a thing, that  
Wasn't honest and square;  
And if I brought trouble the blame should fall,  
On the one who played me unfair.

So *you*, little boy, and *you*, little girl,  
If our paths ever meet I pray,—  
That you'll turn me towards something honorable,  
And I'll never bring trouble your way.

## THE NAUGHTY MOON

O<sup>N</sup> raising my shade one fair morning,  
I beheld a deplorable sight.  
    Rubbed my eyes sore,  
    Looked up once more,  
Saw things were not going just right.

The Sun was rising over the hill,  
Her sad face turned toward the Moon,  
    While the Moon stood there,  
    With a look of despair,  
As if saying—"Not now, it's too soon!"

Now this sounds very much like a fable,  
But never-the-less it is true,  
    So give your attention,  
    My version I'll mention,  
Incidentally the shoe may fit you.

The Sun looked to me like the mother.  
The Moon like the bad boy who said,—  
    "I don't want to go now!"  
    And raised a big row,  
When his dear mother called him to bed.

## THE TWO GARDENS

I HAVE a garden all of my own,  
And the best of it is I made it alone;  
And my! how I worked with my rake, hoe and spade,  
But now that it's finished, I'm sure that it paid.

For it gives me the prettiest flowers that grow,  
Tulips and poppies all in a row;  
And scattered around in odd little spots  
Are daffodils and forget-me-nots.

Then I have for a border, a few sweet peas  
Mixed with clusters of pinks and heart's-ease;  
And people in passing just stand and stare,  
For they never saw flowers like mine *anywhere*.

Now I'll tell you something that Mama told me,  
About seeds and flowers and charity;  
And if you have a garden you'll love it more,  
After hearing this than you did before.

Every seed of kindness, that you and I sow,  
Is sure to take root and is sure to grow;  
And the flowers they yield will each play their part,  
As my flowers do to gladden some heart.

And God has a name for these seeds and flowers,  
But of course they're nothing like what we call ours;  
And the flowers you'll find have a different name,  
Than those of the seeds from whence they came.

The seeds are called charity, love and respect,  
And lots of others I can't recollect;  
But one of the choicest flowers, I guess,  
Grows from the seed of thoughtfulness;  
And now that I think, it seems to me  
That another is called generosity.

And the flowers that grow from these queer little seeds,  
Lighten one's troubles and fulfil one's needs.  
Their names are,—good-fortune, comfort and—Oh yes—  
The sweetest of all, which is happiness.

But the seed that my Mama loves the best  
Is sweet charity, above all the rest,  
For she says when it blossoms, it gives *more joy*  
Than a certain small garden to her little boy.

## A GOOD BARGAIN

I DON'T believe in fairies,  
In goblins, or in elves,  
An' I don't believe that grown-folks  
Believe in them, themselves.

But when I'm all tired out from play,  
An' don't know what to do,  
The grown-folks try to 'muse me then  
With tales I *know* ain't true.

They like to see my eyes stick out,  
An' scare me all to bits,  
Not knowin' when I go to bed,  
It's that what gives me fits.

They tell me 'bout the bogie-man,  
An' big black bears that talk,  
An' how one awful naughty boy  
Got swallowed by a hawk.

An' how a wicked fairy once,  
Turned fifty little boys  
Into worms an' grasshoppers,  
For makin' too much noise.

But you jus' let *me* tell a thing  
That ain't exactly true,  
An' over Mama's knee I go,  
An' cracky goes the shoe.

An' then those same big grown-up folks,  
That tell me story-fibs,  
Glare at me, as if they'd like  
To smash in all my ribs.

## A GOOD BARGAIN

An' with a face mos' ten miles long  
Preach sermons 'bout a lie,  
An' where all boys that tell 'em,  
Will go to, when they die.

An' when I say my prayers that night,  
They always make me say  
A special prayer about that lie,  
An' keepin' Satan 'way.

Now what I can't quite understand  
Is, why *I'm* any worse  
Than all my grown-up relatives,  
Includin' Ann, my nurse.

It don't seem fair, that I get whipped  
For doin' what they do,  
An' then be made to listen  
To things that scare me too.

So I'll jus' make this bargain,  
That *I* won't tell no lies,  
If *they* won't tell me story-fibs  
That mos' pop out my eyes.



### TOMMY'S COMPOSITION ON FLIES

**F**LIES are tiny, weeny things  
Wiv lots o' legs an' jus' two wings;  
Their coat is black wiv lots of fuzz,  
An' all they do is buzz an' buzz.

An' 'nother thing they like to do  
Is go walkin' all over you,  
Nen they buzz an' bite an' run,  
Zif they're havin' heaps o' fun.

Tame flies, they 'course live in houses,  
Sneak right in like baby mouses,  
An' that kind eat an' eat an' eat  
Bread an' butter an' pie an' meat.

But *they* have no manners, 'cause,  
They stick their awful dirty paws  
Right in my food—an' one bad fly  
Swum in my milk, nen hit my eye.

My Mama—jimm'ny crickets, she  
Is scar't o' flies more 'n a bee.  
Why she jus' takes the daily news,  
An' shoos an' shoos an' shoos an' shoos!

An' once she caught ten million flies  
On sticky stuff, what kinda ties  
Their legs all tight, nen kills 'em dead,  
Some a-standin' right on their head.

No, flies they ain't no good at all,  
No more'n nuffin' else 'at's small,  
So I ain't goin' to hurt my eyes  
By writin' more 'bout silly flies.

### LITTLE DOROTHY AND JACK FROST

JACK FROST came over our way to call,  
But he didn't behave very good,  
For he bit my nose and pinched my toes,  
And made me as cold as he could.

But when he did it, is more than I know  
As there wasn't a soul in sight,  
But Mama says she knows it was Jack,  
So I think him *most* impolite.

And she told me, too, that he only calls,  
On the coldest kind of a day;  
So I'll stay inside, when it's cold, and hide,  
For I don't like boys, anyway.

### A HARD PROBLEM

I HAD a horrid dream last night.  
It gave me such a fright!  
I thought a little Fairy said,—  
“Young man, of me you’ve read.

And now if you will come with me  
To my home across the sea,  
I’ll show you sights and tell you tales  
Bigger than a *million* whales.”

So over the sea we sped along,  
Keeping time to the ocean’s song;  
But when her palace came in sight,  
To my surprise, she’d taken flight.

Mama says,—“this goes to show,  
That we can’t believe all we hear, you know.”  
And Grand’mā says,—“all little boys  
Consider the sound, not the source of the noise.”

But I’m too young to understand  
The language of the grown-up band,  
And I’m not going to lie awake  
And wonder if this world’s a fake.

## GRAN'MA

WHEN I go to Gran'ma's house  
I never beg an' tease,  
'Cause my Gran'ma lets me do  
Jus' 'bout as I please.

I stuff with apple pie an' jam  
Till I mos' busticate,  
Then I double up an' cry  
With ter'ble stomach-ache.

Things I can't do when I'm home,  
My Gran'ma don't forbid.  
She jus' sorter looks away,  
An' closes one eyelid.

She don't b'lieve in spankin' boys.  
She says,—“it makes 'em cross.”  
Gee! how I wish that Gran'ma  
Could be my *only* boss.

She ain't cranky like some folks,  
That always keeps a-stewin',  
An' askin' you ten times an hour  
To tell 'em what you're doin'.

She don't never seem to care  
To know jus' what I'm at,  
An' when I'm havin' fun, don't yell—  
“Come here,” or “Don't do that!”

No, my Gran'ma ain't that way,  
For she jus' turns me loose,  
An' if I slip an' roll down stairs,  
Don't laugh an' call me goose.

## GRAN'MA

She goes on about her work,  
An' I go 'bout my play,  
An' if I ask—"Can I have this?"  
She says,—“Of course you may.”

She don't worry all the time  
A' thinkin' I'll get hurt,  
An' how she laughs an' chuckles when  
I'm playin' in the dirt.

Her parlor door ain't closed an' locked,  
An' shades all drawn down tight,  
For fear I might get in, or p'r'aps  
A little speck o' light.

If I smash a 'spensive thing,  
Like some big dandy vase,  
Gran'ma says it's all her fault,  
For puttin' it in that place.

I wonder what I'd ever do,  
If Gran'ma was to die?  
I guess I'd never do a thing,  
But cry an' cry an' cry.

For I'm sure no other Gran'ma,  
In all the world, could be  
One half as kind or half as good,  
As Gran'ma's been to me.

### SHOULDN'T WE GLADLY GIVE GOD ONE DAY?

**I**F GOD had given us every day,  
To do as we like,—to romp and to play,  
And hadn't kept one day out of the seven  
For rest and to turn our thoughts toward Heaven;  
I'm sure, that all little girls and boys,  
Would very soon tire of games and toys.

For isn't it Monday—we always start  
Off for school feeling spry and smart?  
And isn't it Friday—we don't feel our best  
And long for a little vacation and rest?

It's the same with play as with study, my dear,  
So we should be thankful when Sunday is here;  
And shouldn't we gladly give God *one* day,  
When He in return gives us six for play?

### A STRANGE COMFORTER

'W AY back of my eyes somewhere,  
In a wee box-stall,  
Tiny tears are hidin' low,  
Waitin' for my call.

And if I don't feel very well,  
Or jus' a little sad,  
Or when I get a whippin'  
For bein' awful bad,

Then out they pop a-flyin'  
An' , when they've played their part,  
I somehow feel lots better  
'Way down in my heart.

## THE BUMBLE-BEE AND THE NAUGHTY FLEA

**A** BUMBLE-BEE  
And a tiny Flea  
Sat on the bough of a sycamore tree.

The time was night,  
The moon was bright,  
When the Flea got naughty and started to bite.

"See here," said the Bee,  
"Don't you dare bite me!—  
"You *horrible, miserable* little Flea."

But the Flea just bit,  
When he felt like it,  
Till he threw the Bumble-Bee into a fit.

Then followed a fight,  
Which lasted all night,  
And day found them both in a pitiful plight.

The Bee hurt the Flea  
In the joint of his knee,  
So now he can't walk, but just jump, you see.

But the Flea kept mum,  
And struck the Bee dumb,  
And now the poor Bee can just buzz and hum.



### WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

**G**IRLS are girls and boys are boys,  
One likes quiet, the other likes noise;  
But both have fun in their different ways,  
As they climb the ladder of childhood days.

So what does it matter to girls and boys,  
*Which* like quiet and *which* like noise;  
So long as their paths run parallel,  
And both are happy and all ends well?

### MY FAVORITE FLOWER

**M**Y favorite flower nobody knows.  
It's not the violet nor the rose,  
It's not the lily nor the pink,  
So now put on your cap and think.

I'll help you just a little more.—  
It grows in a house, that has no door.  
Now can't you guess? Well the house is *here*—  
My heart—and the flower, is Mama dear.

### CYRUS SILL'S ADVICE

COME children, gather 'round my knee,  
And hear what I have to say:  
You're young, I'm old, as you can see;  
Why laws, I'm eighty-six to-day!  
And it's no more than natural, dears,  
That wisdom should increase with years.

Now, what I wish to say is this—  
Remember, I know more than you,  
Though some of you don't think I do;  
And what I say is for your good.  
Let that, I pray, be understood.  
So give attention, if you will,  
To one who loves you—Cyrus Sill.

The boys and girls of long ago—  
Say eighty years or so—  
When I was just a boy myself,  
Had better times I know  
Than children of the present day;  
The reason, I should say,  
Is owing to the simple fact  
They doubted neither act  
Nor word of legends old or new,  
But accepted them as true.

They b'lieved there was a Santa Claus.  
They b'lieved in Fairies too.  
In fact, they b'lieved that everything  
They heard or read was true.  
But children of the present day  
Doubt everything their elders say.  
They don't believe in anything  
They can't see right away.  
They have their own opinions  
About the things they hear;  
And don't exactly relish it,  
If grown-folks interfere.

## CYRUS SILL'S ADVICE

To Goblins and the Bogey-man,  
They never give a thought;  
And all the pretty Fairy tales,  
Don't love as children ought.  
Why, gracious me, a child to-day  
Scarcely knows how to play!  
They're older in their talk and ways,  
Than folks were in Methuselah's days.  
Their childhood's just a farce.  
Its golden days are thrown away,  
Then youth has gone,—they're old and gray.

Now children, if you only will  
Take advice from Cyrus Sill,  
I'll put you on the happy trail,  
That former children trod.  
Don't act as if you know it all.  
Don't act so prim and odd.  
Don't disbelieve those legends old,  
Thrice worth their very weight in gold.  
Believe in dear old Santa Claus.  
Believe in Fairies too.  
In fact believe in all those things  
As children need to do.

Read all the books that children should.  
The good old standards shy,  
For bless ye dears there's lots of time  
For such things by-and-by.  
Don't ape the grown-folks' quiet ways,  
But holler, romp and play!  
Take my advice and in the end  
You'll count on Cyrus as your friend.  
And when the years have rolled away,  
And I am long since dead,  
I'm sure you'll thank me one and all  
For every word I've said.

### THE MEADOW AND THE SEASONS

**T**HE beautiful Meadow, 'tis said, one day,  
Begged Summer to promise, she'd never go 'way;  
But Autumn crept silently over the hill,  
And banished fair Summer with frost and with chill.

He stole Meadow's beauty—her pride from birth,  
Laid her flat on the bosom of good Mother Earth,  
And there Winter found her lying so still,  
He was filled with compassion for fear she was ill.

He summoned the Four Winds; told them to blow,  
And shake from the sky a blanket of snow;  
Then he covered Miss Meadow snugly in white,  
And the North Wind sang her to sleep for the night.

Poor little Meadow, her night was long,  
She dreamed of those days when she heard the larks' song;  
Till Spring on making her annual round,  
Awoke sleepy Meadow all well and sound.

### TOMMY'S VACATION THOUGHTS

I 'D gladly give up chocolate pie  
From now until the day I die,  
And candy (my, I love it so),  
But that I'd give up, too, I know,  
If I could just have *my* way then,  
And never go to school again.

'Cause boys and school don't get along,  
And school, of course, is in the wrong;  
So what's the use of wasting time  
In school, when wasting is a crime?  
So I'll just knuckle down and work  
My whole vacation without shirk.

Then, too, I'll give up chocolate pie,  
And candy (till they ask me why);  
And when they find out all I've done,  
Worked so hard and cut out fun,  
I'm sure they wouldn't be so cruel,  
As to send me back to school.

### CLOVERS

**A** FOUR-LEAF clover brings fairly good luck,  
A five—beware of and don't ever pluck,  
A six—will repay all the patient who seek,  
But a seven brings luck for each day in the week.

### WHEN THE MUD'S A-SPLASHIN' HIGH

I'M longin' so for Spring to come,  
I s'pose you wonder why?  
'Cause that's a dandy time to see  
The mud a-splashin' high.

When it's been rainin' hard all day,  
An' everythin's mud-pie,  
Then I love to drive to town,  
An' see the mud a-fly.

Sometimes I put on rubber-boots,  
An' splash till I mos' die,  
For that's the bestest way I know,  
To make the mud fly-high.

One day las' Spring, I made the mud  
Almos' touch the sky,  
But jus' then Mama came along,  
An' made the *ruler fly*.



## THE BIRTHDAY PHOTOGRAPH

**H**AD my Birthday picture taken,  
Neck an' arms an' legs all achin',  
Standin' there so awful still,  
Gazin' at the window sill.

Man said,—“there, don't look so sad,  
*Smile* as if you felt real glad.”  
When I smiled he said,—“jus' wait,  
I'm 'fraid that smile has broke my plate.”

Then he fussed an' jumped around,  
But something else was broke he found.  
After it was mended nice,  
He took my picture standin', twice.

Then he sat me in a chair,  
Raised my chin an' smoothed my hair.  
Said,—“Listen to the birdie sing.”—  
Then played a tune on some tin thing.

Listened till I nearly died,  
Stared until I looked cross-eyed;  
Then a bee lit on my nose,  
An' *you bet* I quickly rose.

Man got awful mad, an' swore  
That he wouldn't try no more.  
Said my pictures wouldn't pay,  
For the time he threw away.

Then he sorter got remorse,  
Patted me, an' said of course  
I was young an' he was old,  
An' he didn't mean to scold.

Said he'd like to try again,  
But thought us both too tired, then;  
Thought perhaps a brighter day,  
Would be better anyway.

Said my standin' proofs—be done  
Nex' day, if we had some sun;  
Told him *I* guessed those would do,  
For another year or two.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



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## QUÍTE DIFFERENT

**I**T seems a simple thing to do, to be on time for school,  
And it seems a simple thing to do, to keep the teacher's  
rule;

But just the same, I never yet have failed to find it true,  
That it never seems *so simple*, when it falls to *us* to do.

It seems an easy matter, to always obey Mother,  
And it seems an easy matter, to amuse baby brother;  
But just the same, I never yet have failed to find it true,  
That it never seems *so easy*, when it's up to *us* to do.

It doesn't seem so difficult, to hold our temper down,  
And it doesn't seem so difficult, to smile instead of frown;  
But just the same, I never yet have failed to find it true,  
That it often seems *quite difficult*, for most of *us* to do.

It doesn't seem an awful task, to shoulder as we should,  
Any blame that rests on us for acts averse to good;  
But just the same, I never yet have failed to find it true,  
That *we* seldom do for *others*, as *we* would have *them* do.

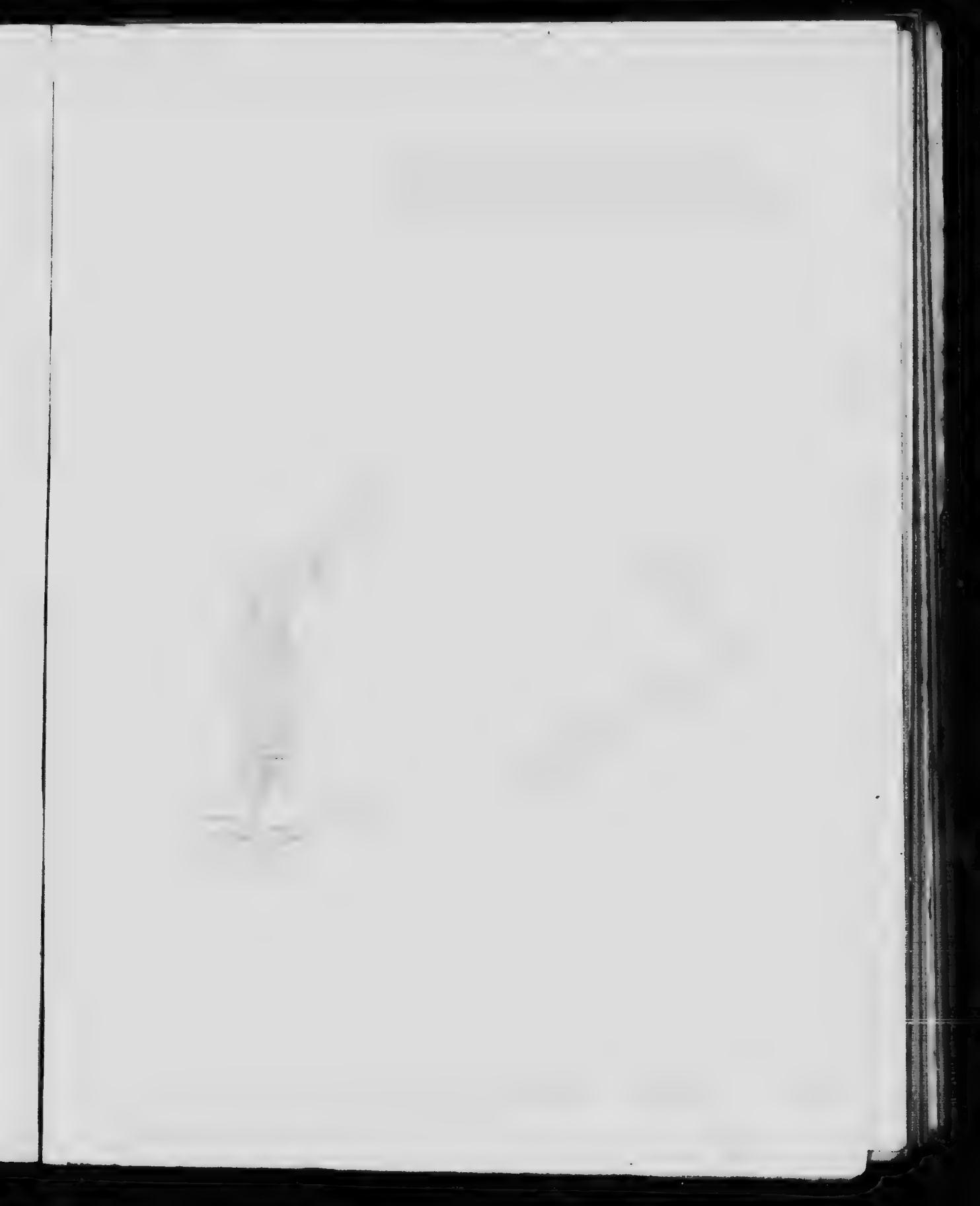
### THE BRAND

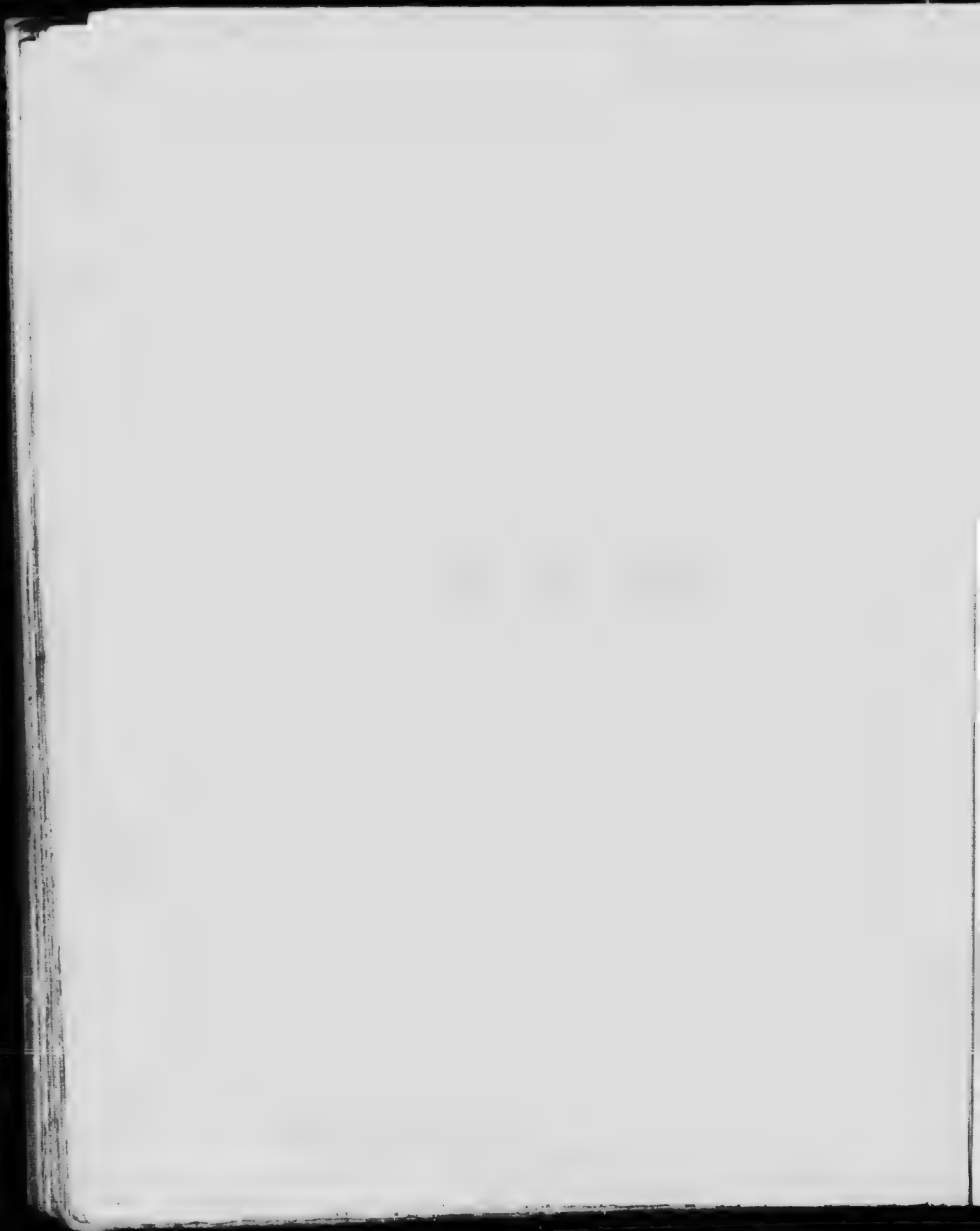
I SAW a bird fly through the air,  
A pretty bird, of plumage rare,  
It wavered somewhat in its flight,  
Then suddenly it fell from sight.

A feather, wafted by the breeze,  
Alighted 'neath some willow trees;  
And there, in solitude, I read  
Its blood-stained message from the dead.

### THE MEANEST MAN ON EARTH

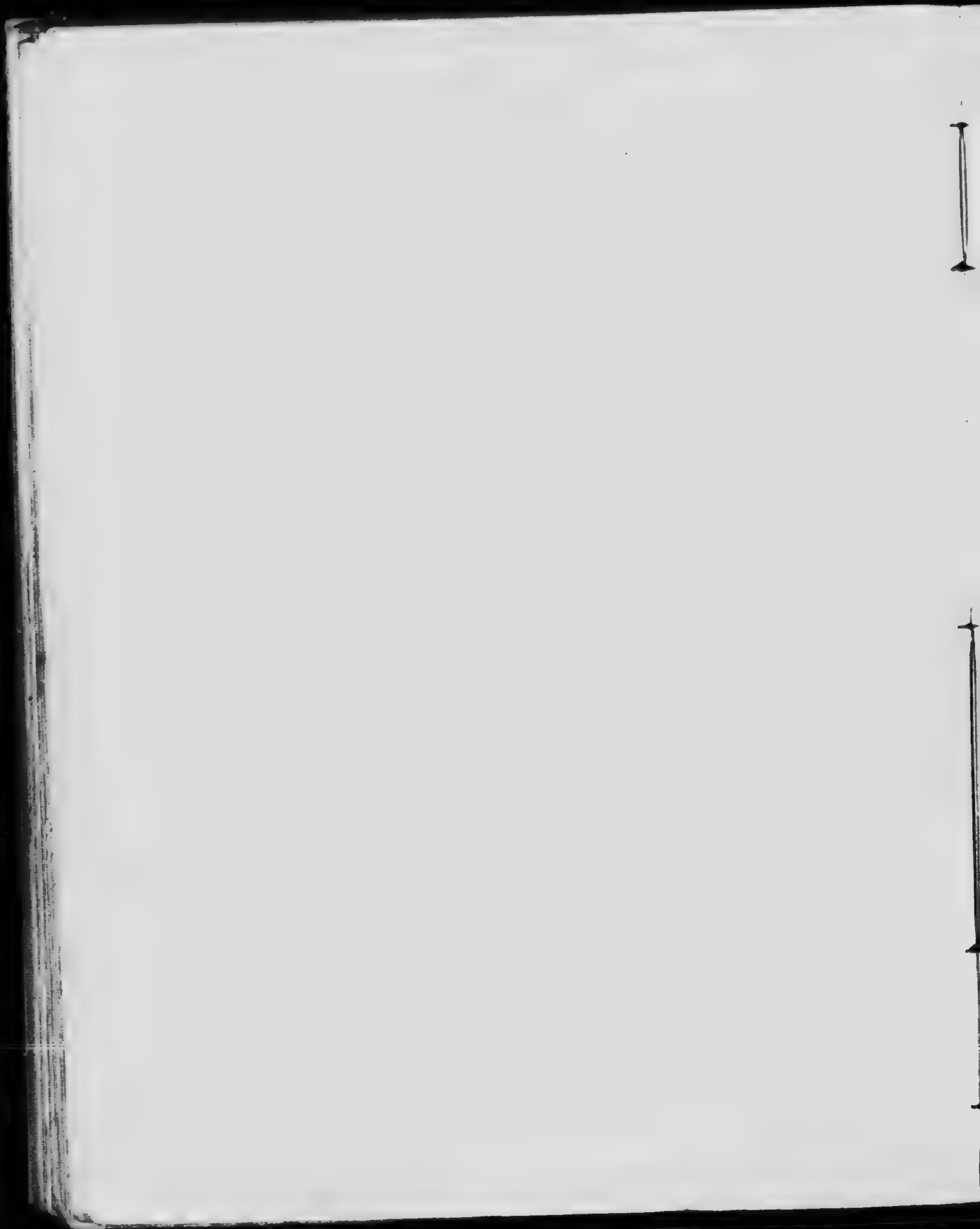
A LITTLE song bird in a tree,  
No harm to you nor me,  
A man, a gun,—  
The deed is done;  
And *this* the world calls fun.











## LETTER WRITING

**M**E write letters? I don't think!  
Tried it once and got all ink.  
What was left went on the floor.  
You know the rest—Gee! I was sore!

Mama called my writing bad,  
And my spelling made Pop *aa*,  
Said,—“no one could read *'s* letter,  
And a dunce could sure do better.”

Write it over, did you say?  
I was at it 'most all day.  
Said *they'd* show me how to write,  
If it took all day and night.

Once I made an awful spot,  
When I tried to make a dot.  
Scratch it out? You bet, and neat,—  
Made a hole right through the sheet.

When at last the thing was ended,  
Mama said,—“now dear, *that's splendid.*”  
Then my Daddy made this rule—  
“All writing must be done in school.”

## MY SISTER EMELINE

**M**Y sister Emeline has a real beau.  
His name is Joseph, but Sis calls him Joe.  
They're the silliest couple I ever saw,  
For they just sit and giggle and hum and haw.

When cook makes candy and I want a lot,  
Sis gives her the wink and says,—“watch that trot.”  
But when *dear Joseph* comes over to call,  
He and Emeline eat it all.

If I walk in the parlor when Joseph is there,  
And just snuggle down in the big arm-chair,  
Gee! but Sis sends me a-scootin' quick,  
And once she walloped me with a stick.

One day I happened to hear Mama say,—  
She'd “be mighty glad when Joe went away”;  
And Papa mumbled a lot of things,  
And called Joe something that doesn't have wings.

Gran'ma said *she* “knew, from the first,  
Of all Em's beaus, Joe was the worst”;  
And Gran'pa said, “it sure beats the deuce  
How a girl like Em got stuck on that goose.”

So, it's up to my sister Emeline  
To be less selfish and treat me *fine*,  
Or some day, I'll just tell her Joe  
A few little things, I happen to know.

## RODERICK'S CHRISTMAS EVE

THE night was cold, the wind was high,  
And big black clouds darkened the sky;  
When all of a sudden, from out of the gale,  
There came the tiniest pitiful wail,  
Like that of a child, who had lost its way,  
Or the screech of an owl, at the break of day.

Roderick, who sat by the fire at his ease,  
With Fido the puppy sprawled 'cross his knees,  
Crept to the window and peeked out to see  
What in the world such a queer noise could be.

As he lifted the shade, the fire's cheerful glow  
Cast its rays on the bitter cold snow,  
And there in the oddest bit of a sleigh,  
The prostrate form of Santa Claus lay;  
While hanging loosely over his back,  
Was nothing more than an empty sack.  
A sorrowful sight, on Christmas Eve,  
A sight, that Roderick could scarcely believe,  
And unbeknown to the family and maid,  
He quickly went to poor Santa's aid;  
Expecting, of course, to find him most dead,  
But, to his utmost surprise, instead,  
The funny old man pulled him into the sleigh,  
And clucking to Blitzen, the two sped away.

Higher and higher the Reindeers went,  
While Roderick was wondering what it all meant,  
But Santa remained so glum and so still,  
That Roderick was seized with terror and chill,  
And crouching low, like a kitten in fright,  
He watched, in silence, the wonderful flight.

## RODERICK'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Over the moon like rockets they went,  
With nothing to block their rapid ascent;  
When all of a sudden there came into sight  
A very big star, unusually bright.  
Then Santa Claus, changing his attitude  
(Which up to this time had been rather rude),  
With a smile nudged Roderick and said,—“my dear  
You wonder, I know, why I brought you here;—  
But just have patience, and by and by  
I'll tell you with pleasure the reason why.”

Then hollering whoa and drawing rein,  
The two alighted in Santa's domain,  
And Roderick and Santa Claus, hand in hand,  
Merrily strolled through this marvelous land,  
Dancing and singing and laughing the while,  
(For in Santa Claus' land such is the style.)  
Then stopping in front of the beautiful star,  
At Santa's command its doors stood a-jar;  
And two little elves, no bigger than rats,  
With jeweled garments and golden hats,  
Ushered them into this palace of toys—  
Santa Claus' home, and the home of noise;  
For rap-a-tap-tap and the cracking of boards,  
The song of the saw and the clangor of swords,  
The call of the bugle and beat of the drum,  
Was enough to make anyone deaf and dumb.

Poor little Roderick could do naught but gasp,  
As he stood with his hand in Santa's strong clasp;  
For never in all of his life before,  
Had he seen such a wonderful great, big store;  
But after a while his fear passed away,  
And like a whirl-wind he started to play;  
And dear old Santa was good to the boy,  
By letting him do what gave him most joy;  
And never did child play with such might,  
As Roderick did on this memorable night.

## RODERICK'S CHRISTMAS EVE

All of this time old Santa sat by,  
While the merriest twinkle danced in his eye,  
And then, as a cat makes a spring for a mouse,  
Seizing Roderick, he ran from the house,  
And reaching the outside world once more,  
He closed and bolted the toy palace door.  
Then placing Roderick over his knee,  
Spanked him good with a branch of a tree;  
And when he had finished said,—“*this*, my dear,  
Is one of my reasons for bringing you here;  
For didn't I hear you say, last night,  
In a voice and manner not very polite,  
That it was all nonsense for girls and boys  
To believe that Santa Claus brought their toys?  
And didn't you say you would lie awake,  
And prove to your brother that I am a fake?  
So now, if you'll kindly step in my sled,  
I'll take you home to your own little bed,  
And I hope that to-morrow—Christmas Day—  
You'll speak of me in a *different* way.”

## WHEN THE SUMMER IS A-CUMMIN'

**W**HEN the Summer is a-cummin',  
An' the days are gettin' long,  
An' the bees are all a-hummin',  
An' the birds are full of song,—

It's then your heart's a-leapin',  
An' you nearly bust with joy,  
An' you lose no time a-sleepin',  
For you're frisky as a boy.

You watch the green things growin';  
Snow-flurries you don't fear,  
For all the time you're knowin',  
That the Summer's almost here.

The bull-frogs are a-croakin',  
An' the doves they coo an' kiss,  
An' you feel yourself a-chokin'  
With a lump of happiness.

The Mother-birds are teachin'  
Their little ones to fly,  
While the Father-birds are preachin',  
That the Summer's drawin' nigh.

The wind has ceased its sighin'  
Through the pine and willow grove,  
An' you stop at last most dyin'  
From a-shakin' down the stove.

You see the lovers strollin'  
Through the orchards an' the lanes,  
While the weddin'-bells are tollin'  
Their sweet familiar strains.

The sun it keeps a-shinin',  
An' you feel it shines for you.  
Every dark cloud has its linin',  
Of a gold or silver hue.

Your brain-strings are a-thrummin',  
An' you lose all thoughts of fear,  
For the Summer is a-cummin',  
An' you're *mighty glad* you're here.



## DICK SICARD'S LETTER.

122 ——— AVENUE,

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

MAY 1ST, 1910.

DEAR JACK:

We've just had a visit from Uncle Joe Best, Mama's brother that lives away out West. You remember him? Sure you do, for he lived at our house a year or two, when you and me was small. You liked him, 'cause he was terrible tall, and carried you 'round the house on his back. 'Course you remember him Jack; and how he took us both to the show, with him and your Aunt, when he was her beau. S'pose he thought that would help his game, but she didn't marry him just the same. He told piles of stories about the West, and some dandies 'bout cowboys and how they dressed, and lots more. I never knew nothing 'bout cowboys before—what they looked like nor what they done. Gee, but I bet they have stacks of fun! Now Jack we'll cut out buying that candy store. Forget it and what's more, we won't talk 'gen, 'bout things we planned we'd do when we was men, 'cause Jack, when we get big, thing for us to do, is to pack up and dig, dig for the West and for Uncle Joe. We'll save up our money, so we can go. Some class, don't you say? You bet! I'd go to-day. Uncle says folks 'll call us tenderfeet, at first. Gee, but ain't that 'he worst? Wonder why? My feet ain't never sore. Are yours? S'pose they'll think we hoof it on all our tours. He told Pop lots of things, I sorter half-way overheard, and sometimes he used a crackerjack big word; but pshaw, I know what every one means—Anyone would that knows beans. But Jack, I'm not dead certain 'bout you, so maybe I better, explain a few. Well here goes. You'd like to know, I s'pose. Well, every cow has its

### DICK SICARD'S LETTER.

own private brand. A brand, as I understand, is a card with your name and address. This is pasted, I guess, somewhere on the cow, and it stays on forever; but how? I don't know. Anyway it does so. Then they turn the cow on a range. I know all this sounds strange; but wait, for I'm telling this first rate. A range is a little field, and when they're put in there, they can't get stealed. Now I'll tell you what cow-punchers are. They are men that ride horseback every day awful far, and when they meet one of their cows that ain't got a brand on him, or if it is spoilt or kinda dim, the men get awful mad and punch him. Ain't that too bad? No 'taint, but lots of folks, when they watch them, faint. What good does it do? S'pose you think it's to hear the cow *moo*.—No sir, there's where you're stung, but then you ain't s'posed to know 'cause you're too young. So listen.—These cow-punchers are, I forget the name, but a trick man means the same—Musicians. That's what I'm driving at. Now you've got it, pat, and this trick don't hurt as much as you think. It's all over with quick as a wink. They just punch them once *kerwhack*, and then that brand comes right straight back. How's that for a trick? Ain't it slick? Maybe you and me can learn that stunt. Guess that would bring us some to the front! But Jack, if they make a mistake and perform this trick, on another person's cow, 'taint so slick. I don't know why, unless the cow gets mad too. Anyway the puncher, if he's wise, will skidoo. Next I heard Uncle speak of a Maverick. That I saveyed quick. A Maverick I would describe, as being an Indian or the name of an Indian tribe. That's what I would say. Anyway, 'taint a cow, for he says he most never sees any now, and you know the Indians are most all dead, at least, that's what my history said, see? So what else in common sense could it be? A chuck wagon, any chump would know, is a wagon they chuck

### DICK SICARD'S LETTER

bad cowboys in. That's so. But here's something I didn't at first quite understand—that's a Rustler. He says they're all over the land, but now I'm sure it's some kind of a plant or tree. I tell you Jack, they can't fool me. My, but I'm a wise guy, and I'll bet you right now my brand new knife, that when I get out West, I'll stay all my life; for don't I know everything before I start? I've had lots of lickings for being so smart, or too smart; least Mama said that was why, and I know Mama don't lie. Well, I've got two more things to explain, then I'll quit or I'll go insane. Gee! I'm tired, and I wouldn't write this again if I's hired. First, I want to tell you about Uncle's mistake. I laughed till I had a peach stomach-ache. You know what a Centipede is? Well, he called it a Stampede. But don't you tell. Guess that will hold you for a while. Gee! I can just see you smile; but I know that's what he meant all right. Said they was sure a fright. Poor Uncle, that was an awful break. Lots worse than I ever hope to make. The other thing I spoke of was this: He said a great, big black outlaw, think he called him Criss, pitched his broncho buster sky high, and Uncle thinks the buster will die. I'm afraid I can't get all this through your head, and I won't try now, as it's time for bed. So I'll say good-night.

P.S.—Be sure and write, and come on over just the minute you get here. I'll be up and dressed, no fear.

Your old pard,

DICK SICARD.

### A WISE PRECAUTION

**I**N Papa's office, hung on the wall,  
Is a funny round thing, kinda small,  
An' Papa by looking at it some way  
Can tell what the weather will be every day.

But I can't make him tell how the trick is done,  
He says it's a secret he'll tell to no one.  
An' I'm dyin' to know—so it's up to me  
To open that thing, an' *then* I can see.

An' when I'm a Papa, I'll play that trick  
On my little boy, only *I'll* be slick  
An' hide the thing when the trick is done,  
'Cause *he* might get wise an' spoil *my* fun.

### IT DIDN'T PAY

I GUESS it isn't real polite  
To make a dog an' kitty fight;  
But once I did it jus' for fun,  
An' what *I* got when *they* got done  
You can guess, for I won't say;  
Anyway it didn't pay.

### TOO GREAT A SPEED

**I** STARTED school one week ago and you'd be surprised to hear  
All I've learned. Why Gran'ma says 'twould take most folks a  
year

To learn just half of what I have. So you see I'm awful smart.  
And Gran'pa says he's mighty glad I've got so fine a start.

They taught me 'bout the Sun an' Moon an' Stars an' Earth, an' then—  
They taught me lots of other things I can't repeat again.  
Papa says, if I keep on at this tremendous rate,  
That by the end of one more week, I'll surely graduate.

I don't quite know just what that is, unless it means I'll die,  
For Mama said my health comes first, then I thought I saw her cry.  
So I guess I won't learn quite so fast, for I'd like to, if I can,  
Live to care for Mama dear, when I'm a great big man.

### UNCLE EPHRAIM ADOLPHUS TRUE

**I** ONCE had an Uncle whose name was this—Ephraim Adolphus True.

He was short of stature but long of nose and his hair was a fiery hue.

His ears protruded like two big sails and his eyes were squinty and small,

And his feet so large and cumbersome, 'tis a wonder he walked at all.

But when it came to his heart, my dear, his looks one quickly forgot,  
For a world of charity, kindness and love lay hid in that one little spot.

### SCRUBBING

**S**CRUB my hands an' face an' nose,  
Comb my hair an' brush my clothes,  
Do this fifty times a day,  
When's a boy have time to play?

Scrub every morning till I most die,  
Scrub at night till I often cry,  
Scrub till my skin is rough an' sore,  
Scrub when there's nothing to really scrub for.

Wouldn't I be happy though,  
If all water would turn to snow,  
An' all the brushes an' combs some day  
Would just get up an' walk away?

If such a thing would only come true,  
I honestly *don't* know what I'd do.  
Guess I'll plan—but, oh dear me,  
I hear nurse calling to *scrub* for tea.



### TOMMY'S HEART

**M**Y heart goes tick-a-tick all day,  
While I'm eatin' an' while I play,  
When I wake in the mornin' it's wound up  
tight,  
So I guess God winds it up every night.

## WHEN COMP'NY CAME TO CALL

WHEN comp'ny came to call on us,  
My folks they made an awful fuss,  
Rushin' here an' runnin' there,  
Straighenin' every rug an' chair.

Funny part is, things were straight  
Till the comp'ny reached the gate,  
Then my folks flew round like mad  
Mixin' things up pretty bad.

Sent me flyin' to my room,  
Told the maid to get a broom,  
Hollered to my old nurse, Mabel,  
To bring a rag and dust the table.

Books that were all piled up nice,  
Knocked them over once or twice,  
Drew one shade down—raised another,  
All askin' questions of my Mother.

Sister Nell stepped on a tack,  
An' dropped a piece of bric-a-brac;  
Gran'ma grabbed the bits to keep,  
An' cut her finger awful deep.

Gran'pa had most sense of all,  
Said they merely came to call,  
An' wouldn't stir outside the parlor,  
So what was all this rumpus for.

Aunt Cornelia fairly ran  
To the stable for the man,  
To have him put the carriage there,  
But couldn't find him anywhere.

## WHEN COMP'NY CAME TO CALL

Meantime, the comp'ny tied their horse  
Right to our new fence—*of course!*  
Bumped square 'gainst the hitchin' post,  
Then shied it, like it was a ghost.

When the comp'ny reached the door,  
Things had settled down once more,  
An' my folks had gently slid  
Into different rooms and hid.

All but Papa—he sneaked out  
Like lightnin' by the back door route.  
Don't know jus' where he took flight,  
Didn't see him 'gen till night.

The maid, in answer to the bell,  
Played her part unusual well.  
Told them with a pleasant grin,  
She would see if folks were in.

Then one by one my folks came out  
An' you should have heard them spout.  
Said how glad they were they came,  
An' other things about the same.

Helped them off with coats and hats,  
(Till I felt like yellin'—"Rats").  
Then sought the parlor arm in arm  
Askin' 'bout things on the farm.

Talk about us little boys  
Always makin' such a noise,  
We ain't in it, gracious sakes,  
With the noise that comp'ny makes!

### WHEN COMP'NY CAME TO CALL

Laughed an' talked, howled an' shrieked,  
Till I jus' ran down an' peeked.  
Never heard such awful chatter,  
Wondered what could be the matter.

From the racket dishes make,  
Knew cook was servin' tea an' cake.  
But no one thought about poor me  
Starvin' in the old nurs'ry.

At last I heard them start to go,  
But my folks wouldn't have it so;  
Said—"Oh don't be in a hurry,  
It's not late, so please don't worry."

But the comp'ny thought they better,  
As they had to post a letter.  
Then I heard my folks all say—  
"Next time, come an' spend the day."

Now why do folks act so absurd,  
An' bluff when they don't mean one word.  
If *this* is called Society,  
My fam'ly needn't count on me.

### THE SNOW BIRDS

**T**HE Summer days grow shorter,  
The North Wind starts to blow,  
And then before you know it  
The ground is white with snow.

King Winter brings the snow birds,  
You see them everywhere,  
Swift as a shower of arrows,  
Darting through the air.

Then, like tiny stars above  
At gentle break of dawn,  
Spring, on lifting Winter's cloak,  
Finds all the snow birds—gone!

## LITTLE QUEEN DAY AND OLD KING NIGHT

O VER the hills and far, far away  
Lives a fairy called Little Queen Day,  
And a daintier, prettier, fairy than she  
Never was seen and never will be.

Down in a valley shrouded in gloom,  
A place, as silent and weird as the tomb,  
Dwells a big giant of terrible might,  
The Little Queen's cousin—Old King Night.

Little Queen Day, as her name would imply,  
Reigns when the sun looks down from the sky,  
While her big cousin, Old King Night,  
Takes his reign when the stars are bright.

And the stars, by-the-way, are the Old King's eyes.  
He has to have many for one of his size,  
And the moon, I believe, is his body-guard,  
A faithful servant who works very hard.

King Night, I'm told, is a fiend and a rogue,  
Good deeds by him are seldom in vogue,  
Like a huge panther he stealthily creeps,  
And often does harm while the big world sleeps.

Now Little Queen Day fears Old King Night,  
And away she flies when he comes in sight;  
And never once has the wicked old man  
Been able to catch her, and never can.

And I guess Queen Day is not the sole one,  
(Of all the people who dwell 'neath the sun),  
That fears King Night, for I've heard it said,  
He often scares naughty boys when they're in bed,—

## LITTLE QUEEN DAY AND OLD KING NIGHT

By rapping just once, or possibly more,  
At conscience wee, little secret door;  
Thus rousing the ghost of bad acts they've done,  
Whether in earnest or whether in fun.

And grown-folks too, on committing a crime,  
Are haunted by King Night most of the time;  
So it's not naughty boys alone, as you see,  
That he loves to frighten, then chuckle with glee.

But when a boy has been truly good,  
I want it right here to be understood,  
That Old King Night, try hard as he may,  
Never can harm him in any way.

So the moral I'm sure you'll see without fail  
(On thinking carefully over this tale),  
Is this—if we do just the things that are right,  
We'll have nothing to fear from Old King Night.

## YOU JUST ASK MY UNCLE SAM

**S**OME folks think they're awful smart,  
Call their cleverness quite an art;  
But I can give them (cross my heart)  
Pointers by the score.  
Yes, you bet, and more.  
You just ask my Uncle Sam,  
For he knows well how smart I am.

Joe thinks because he dresses slick  
That he can show me many a trick.  
But I can sure make him feel sick,  
And I proved it, too, one day  
In the fairest kind of way.  
You doubt it? Well, ask Uncle Sam,  
He'll tell you quick how strong I am.

Tommy Jones is home from College,  
And thinks he's jam-packed-full of knowledge.  
But the guy can't make me hedge.  
Trap him well, I know I can,  
For I've got a dandy plan.  
What's my scheme? Ask Uncle Sam,  
He loves to tell how slick I am.

Once at school I won a prize  
From a boy three times my size.  
Said he'd blacken both my eyes.  
Did he do it? Guess again!  
I left town on the very next train.  
Coward, eh? Ask Uncle Sam.  
He'll tell you whether or not I am.



## YOU JUST ASK MY UNCLE SAM

One day I played a real mean trick  
On Daddy—Gee, but it was slick!  
Of course I knew I'd get the stick,  
So I padded well the spot  
When I saw him getting hot.  
Who caught on? Ask Uncle Sam.  
He knows how wise I always am.

Last week three people came to tea.  
You can guess how that pleased me,  
As I hate society.  
Was I good or was I bad,  
And why did Mama get so mad?  
On this I haven't time to dwell  
And Uncle Sam, *you bet*, won't tell.

### JOHNNY'S PRINCIPLES

I MAY be late in gettin' up,  
And late for school—a lot;  
But when it comes to eatin' time,  
I'm always on the spot.

## GRANDPA'S STORY

SOME folks they like the Summer time,  
And some the Spring and Fall,  
While others like the Winter months  
The very best of all.

But when it comes right to the test,  
There is no best I say,  
For as much as I love April,  
I always welcome May.

When Summer comes a-sliding in,  
With roses all in bloom,  
It doesn't take me very long  
To get the Summer boom.

Then Autumn in her gentle way  
Just wins my heart each year,  
For when my grain is cut and threshed  
My worries disappear.

And then, when Winter strokes my cheek,  
And sleigh-bells ring out clear,  
I'm somehow most unusual glad  
That dear old Winter's here.

So that's the way I've gone through life  
For nearly eighty years,  
A-shaking hands with each new month  
As soon as it appears.

It sorter keeps my spirits up,  
And drives the tears away,  
And makes my long life seem just like  
One great big happy day.

### A PRETTY SMALL "POTATE"

SOME boys are powerful selfish,  
And maybe some girls too,  
For all they ever think about  
Is what *they* wish to do.

While others just cinch everything  
That they can poss'bly get,  
Forgetting there is such a thing  
As pride and etiquette.

Now I'm no little goody-good  
I'll have you understand,  
But it makes me snorting mad to see  
A greedy, grasping hand.

And when it comes to doin' things,  
It's a pretty small "Potate"  
Who always gratifies *his* wish  
And makes the others wait.

### PROVEN

I'D like to know why all the stars don't tumble from the sky,  
I guess I'll ask my teacher for *she* can tell me why.  
She told me 'bout a million things I never knew before,  
And she says if I'll just study hard, I'll learn a million more.

She says the sun's a ball of fire and gives us heat and light,  
But she hasn't yet explained to me, why its light goes out at night.  
She talked more 'bout its heat and how it warms us all up nice,  
But the moon, she says, is quite the reverse and just as cold as ice.

At first I thought she's foolin', when she said the moon was cold,  
And when I contradicted her, you should have heard her scold;  
And then she said, politely like, that maybe I'd prefer  
To teach the class, considerin', that I knew more than her.

That night I had an awful chill, when first I got in bed,  
And then I saw the moonlight and remembered what she said.  
So next day I apologized and *now* if I don't agree,  
You bet my teacher never hears a *single peep* from me.

## THE GREAT PROCESSION

**T**RAMP, tramp, tramp, tramp—mortals are born and mortals die,  
But still the great procession of years steadily marches by.

Watch them come and watch them go like an army strong,  
In every yearly regiment, three sixty-five belong.

Twelve companies I'm sure you'll find in every regiment,  
And over every company, a Captain prominent.

January takes the lead, in charge of thirty-one,  
Dressed in big fur overcoats and bubbling o'er with fun.

February follows next, with twenty-eight in line,  
Except, when Leap Year comes along, and gives him twenty-nine.

And then comes gruff old Captain March, disliked most everywhere,  
He blows his thirty-one so hard, he ruffles up their hair.

April follows close behind, with thirty sturdy chaps,  
Clothed in oil-skin uniforms and little rubber caps.

And then we have before us, spry young Captain May,  
With thirty-one spruce fellows, always bright and gay.

Next in line with thirty strong is Captain June, the fair,  
With guns and swords and helmets bedecked with roses rare.

And then who comes upon the scene and fairly rushes by?  
A dapper squad of thirty-one commanded by July.

Then trudging slowly down the trail, o'ercome by heat and dust,  
File thirty-one tired vet'rans and the world renown August.

While thirty little painters follow next, you'll see,  
Led by one September, a master painter he.

October marches close behind, with thirty-one in all,  
Who shake so hard each tree and shrub, the painted leaves all fall.

Next—November and his thirty with a mascot you all know—  
The grand old turkey gobbler, come plodding through the snow.

And then gallant December with thirty-one—his corps,  
Escort dear old Santa Claus safely to our door.

### CONTENTMENT

I'M mighty glad I'm not a girl,  
For girls don't have no fun.  
They sit around so stupid like,  
And never jump nor run.

I'm glad I'm not a lady, too,  
And have to dress up fine,  
And go out calling every day  
And every night to dine.

Then, too, I'm sorter glad you know  
I'm not a big man yet,  
'Cause big men have to work so hard  
For every cent they get.

I'm just as glad I'm what I am,  
It fills two hearts with joy.  
You ask me what I mean?—well this—  
I'm *Mama's little boy.*

### THE FOOLISH BIRDS

I WONDER if all birdies drink  
Like those I saw to-day?  
If so, I guess the silly things  
Don't know the proper way.

It surely makes them awful tired,  
And how their necks must ache  
From bobbin' up and down like that  
With every drop they take!

Then, too, they lose a lot of time,  
And don't drink half enough.  
Why pshaw! The way *those* birdies drank  
Was just one great big bluff.



## SLUMBERLAND

I KNOW a land where fairies live,  
Where children love to play;  
They go there by the Sleep Express,  
Which runs both night and day.

It's on the shores of Slumber Sound,  
This land of happy dreams,  
And there the magic mountains tower,  
Where flow the candy streams.

The King is such a jolly man  
With such a funny name,  
If boys and girls are well behaved  
He treats them all the same.

His name you ask? Yes, I will tell,  
Though you've heard it fifty times,  
—Imagination—that is all,  
And he rules o'er many climes.

When children tarry long enough  
On this good King's Estate,  
His fairies send them home again  
Aboard the Wake-up Freight.

### TOMMY'S VIEWS

**R**AININ' like it wouldn't stop  
Till the sky shed every drop.  
Wish't I knew what makes the sky  
'Bout so often have a cry.

Tell you what I think about it—  
Sky don't never cry one bit.  
It's the Sun, an' he's ashamed,  
So hides an' lets the sky get blamed.

'Cause when the rain stops, then you'll see  
He pops out smilin' jus' like me,  
After spanks an' tears are over—  
(Feel once more that we're in clover).

## THE NO-NAME BOY AND THE REPORTER

YOU'D like to know my name you say ?  
Well Mister, it's jus' this way,  
I guess I've no real name at all.  
P'r'aps it's 'cause I'm still too small,  
Though once I thought I heard it said  
That I was christened—Christopher Ned.

But jus' the same, folks call me "Say,"  
An' one rude man addressed me, "Hey,"  
An' Papa's men friends call me "Son,"  
But 'course I know that's jus' in fun.

Aunt Priscilla calls me "Honey,"  
But I don't think that's one bit funny.  
Uncle Joe's names ain't so sweet,  
For he jus' calls me "Bub" or "Pete."

Papa always calls me "Lad,"  
An' that I don't think one half bad,  
An' Mama calls me "Darling" an' "Dear,"  
But to a boy that sounds kinda queer.

Gran'ma an' Gran'pa call me "Pet."  
That I call the *worstest* yet.  
An' Mr. Smith, my teacher, he  
Mos'ly calls me—let me see—  
But I guess, p'r'aps I better not tell,  
'Cause I'm 'fraid in writin' it wouldn't look well.

## DEAR OLE JACK

YES, Jack waar his name—Dear Ole Jack,  
A figure an' name of renown,  
For there warn't a person but knowed that dog  
In all o' this bloomin' town.

A thoroughbred New Foundland, that waar his breed,  
An' he felt his oats you kin bet,  
For he didn't associate like most dogs,  
With every ole mongrel he met.

An' smart!—Waal, say, if I be any jedge  
He could give us all kyerds an' spades;  
Why, pshaw he waar slicker in most of his ways  
Than ole Bill Shrub in his trades.

An' every morn, when the clock struck ten,  
He'd go for his daily stroll,  
With his head cocked high an' his ears sot back,  
An' never molested a soul.

An' the folks he met would usually stop  
An' give him a friendly stroke,  
An' the way he'd visit the candy shops  
Got to be kind of a joke.

Now I hain't got time to tell you folks all  
The wonderful stunts that dog done;  
For I'd never git through in a thousand years,  
But I shore must tell you this one.

Waal—it happened like this—Widder Squeeze's fool purp  
Come a-snoopin' around our place,  
An' findin' the back cellar door warn't shet,  
Poked in his ole yellor face.

An' spyin' a ham jest outer his reach,  
Which Nancy Jane hung on the wall,  
Arter several attempts at swipin' the thing,  
He landed it plumb with a fall.

## DEAR OLE JACK

An' Jack, whose ears waar never once closed,  
Jest says to himself, says he,  
I've sort of a notion thar's something down thar  
That needs my society.

So down he trots with his head cocked high,  
An' sizin' up things at a glance,  
He wallops that purp—an' between you an' me—  
He'd long bin awatin' the chance.

An' while the ole purp waar a hittin' for home,  
With a lesson lodged in his crop,  
Jack he comes up with that ham in his mouth,  
An' han's it to me quick as pop.

Now I'll vouch for all this bein' true as a die,  
For Mary Ann saw the hull thing,  
An' Jack you kin bet had for supper that night  
A meal that waar fit for a King.

Waal—time run on an' it got rumored 'bout  
That a dog show waar billed fer town,  
An' a lot of them head fellers come to me  
To see would I put Jack's name down.

An' them youngsters of ourn, they gave me no peace,  
Why, say, they most cried out their eyes,  
Till, at last, I give in an' entered Ole Jack,  
Knowin' well he'd git the first prize.

An' I warn't, you kin gamble, fur outer the way,  
For he won the best prize they put up.  
An' what do you think?—that ole Widder Squeeze  
Had the *nerve* to enter her pup.

## DEAR OLE JACK

Now the Widder an' our folks had alwuz bin friends,  
Till that ham an' two dogs met;  
An' things kinda come to a climax when Jack  
Won a prize instead of her pet.

An' it warn't long arter, I jedge 'bout a week,  
Before Jack warn't hank'rin to eat,  
An' he growed so thin an' so shaky like,  
He scarcely could stand on his feet.

So we called in Blakey, the best Vet. in town,  
An' he said, what I feared waar the case,  
That Jack had bin pisoned an' couldn't live long,  
Which news throwed a gloom 'round the place.

An' the way them kids an' them wimmen folks worked  
A-tryin' to save *pore* ole Jack!  
Waar enough to turn your heart up-side down,  
An' the Doctor he warn't no quack.

But the pison won out, an' on New Year's Day,  
When the sun waar a-shinin' her best,  
In the rose patch, down near the crab-apple tree,  
We laid the ole hero to rest.

An' it 'pears to me, though Mary Ann laughs,  
An' I 'low it *do* sound kinda queer,  
But I'm sartin' shore that them roses since then,  
Bloom fairer an' fairer each year.

Waal—I reckon that's all, thar's no more to tell,  
Exceptin' that airly nex' day  
Arter Jack died,—the Widder's *old yeller purp*  
Met his end in a blamed quicker way!

### WISH IT WAS THE OTHER WAY

**E**VERY night while I sleep,  
Mama says I grow a heap.  
Wish it was the other way,  
That I grew all through the day.  
'Cause, the night, it simply flies  
Quick as ever I close my eyes.  
So I don't have time to grow,  
Only *awful, awful* slow.

### THE TRAIL TO HEROISM

**T**HE boy that always stands up for his younger brother,  
The boy that makes his every act that of pleasing Mother,  
The boy that downs temptation and the boy that shuns a lie,  
Why *he's* the noble hero that we'll hear of by-and-by.



### WHAT GRAN'MA SAYS

SOME folks are always frettin',  
For fear they ain't a-gettin',  
Quite as much as others do  
That never fret nor stew.

They grumble 'bout the weather.  
It makes no difference whether  
Rain or shine, it's all the same,  
They're always at their growlin' game.

Now what's the use of growlin' so,  
And keepin' in a stew,  
When things are bound to go the same  
Without consultin' you?

### THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

COME children and look the country over,  
In search of the good-luck four-leaf clover.  
If found on Monday the Fairies say,  
They'll grant the wish you make that day.

If found, before breakfast, on Tuesday morn,  
You'll never regret the day you were born.  
On Wednesday if found, as the sun goes down,  
At the age of thirty you'll gain renown.

If Thursday's clover is plucked at noon,  
Your lover's face will appear in the moon.  
If the four-leaf, perchance, on Friday is spied,  
It will bring better luck if cast aside.

Saturday's clover should be very small,  
And two must be found to bring luck at all;  
But Sunday's insures long life and wealth,  
And greatest of all—God's blessing, good health.

### SUMMER VACATION

SCHOOL is over at last  
And examinations past.  
Now for two long months of play;  
Pitch right in this very day!

Forget about arithmetic,  
Forget the teacher and his stick.  
Of grammar and of spelling too,  
Forget all that you ever knew.

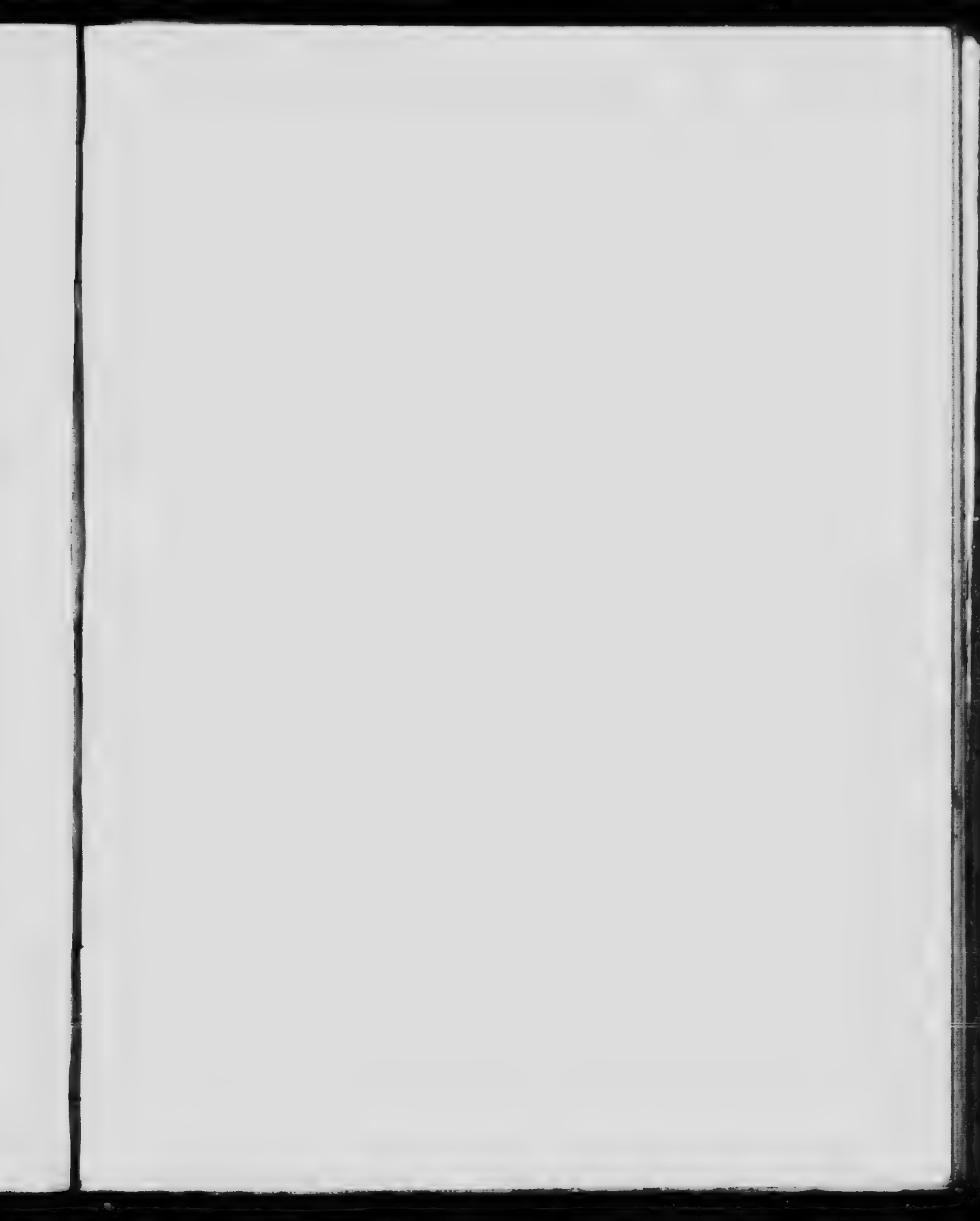
Vacation comes but once a year,  
So do enjoy it while it's here,  
And when the school-bell sounds the call,  
You'll welcome study—one and all.

### BED -TIME FAIRIES

**N**URSE says, if I will listen when at night I go to bed,  
I'll hear a funny little noise directly overhead.  
She says it's little Fairies, that have come to take me 'way  
To the land of sweet and happy dreams, where only good boys play.

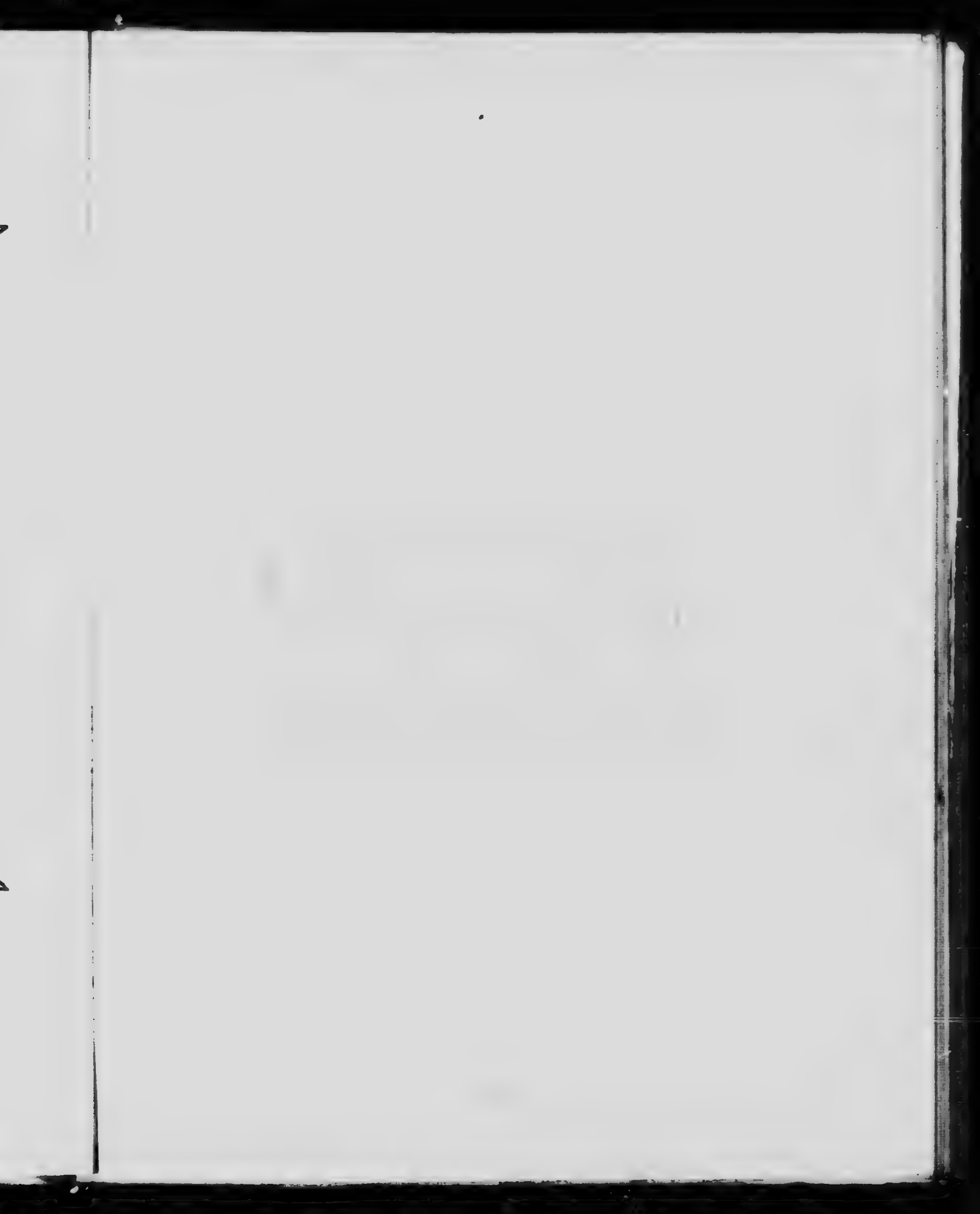
She says I mustn't say a word, but lay there just as still,  
And try *my best* to go to sleep—try with all my will;  
For if they find I'm still awake when Mama's clock strikes eight,  
They'll go and take some other boy, for Fairies never wait.

So when I go to bed to-night and nurse puts out the light,  
I'll roll right over, snuggle down and close my eyes up tight.  
Then if I'm not quite 'sleep by eight, they'll wait, at least they should,  
When they see I'm such a *little boy* and tryin' to be good.





*"Why the Man in the Moon Smiles"*







### WHY THE MAN IN THE MOON SMILES

**I**F the Moon sees us as we see the Moon,  
What a comical sight this world must be,  
With folks running here, and folks running there,  
And none appearing as big as a flea.

So this may explain why the Man in the Moon  
Is endowed with so charming a smile,  
And I guess we would laugh a good hearty laugh  
Could we see through his eyes for a while.

## FACTS

**I**F you're looking for trouble, as lots of folks do,  
You'll find it will come half way to meet you;  
But look, if you will, for some good to attain,  
And you'll find that all good things are harder to gain.

### EVERYBODY'S TEASIN' ME

EVERYBODY'S teasin' me—  
Papa, Mama, Sisters three;  
Think it fun to tease an' 'noy  
Me, their *only* little boy.

Every time I plague the cat,  
They all holler—"don't do that!"  
Then they spank me, oh what joy!  
Me, their *only* little boy.

So when nex' they're teasin' me,  
And I'm mad as I can be,  
You jus' 'member 'bout that cat,  
Holler at 'em—*don't do that!*

Then I'll give you my best toy,  
Me, their *only* little boy.

## ASKIN' THINGS

I DON'T know what's the matter with the big folks in our house,  
They think that I should always be as quiet as a mouse.  
An' when I start a-askin' things, as children sometimes will,  
They get jus' boilin' mad an' say, "Now Tommy, you be still."

But jus' the same I keep right on a-askin' more an' more,  
Till one by one I see them folks a-slidin' out the door,  
An' when I'm left there all alone with nothin' much to do,  
I jus' put on my thinkin' cap an' think up somethin' new.

One day, I don't quite 'member when, about a week ago,  
I thought up twenty-eight new things that I was dyin' to know;  
I went to Mama first of all, an' when I'd asked a lot,  
She raised up both her hands an' said, "My, listen to that tot!"

Then Uncle Dick turned 'round an' said, "See here, my little man,  
Don't you say another word, she's answered all she can."  
Aunt Lucy is the worst of all, Aunt Lucy an' her beau,  
For they jus' answer, "I don't know"—"Perhaps," or "Maybe so."

I'm all tired out from askin' things, it ain't no use I see,  
So I'll jus' stop, an' after 'while they'll all come askin' me—  
"What on earth's the matter dear? I'm sure you must be sick."  
An' when I answer "Maybe so," they'll get the Doctor quick.

An' when the Doctor says, "Why Tom, I can't see much that's wrong."  
I'll say, "'Taint my body, Doc., my thinkin' parts ain't strong."  
When he asks me what I mean, I'll say, "Why *this* you see—  
I've spent my life a-askin' things, but no one answers me."

?

**H**OW are little folks to learn  
The things that big folks know,  
When big folks answer—

“I don't know”

“Perhaps”

or

“Maybe so”?

### A WONDERFUL TRICK

**M**Y Daddy says he knows a man  
That squeezes a penny as hard as he can.  
He squeezes it till the eagle squeals,  
And hates to let go of it—even for meals.

So I got my bank from the nursery shelf,  
And thought I'd try that trick myself.  
I *squeezed* and I *squeezed* till my face got red,  
And my hand was so bruised, it almost bled.

I tried it over ten times or more,  
And then I cried 'cause my hand was so sore;  
But not even once did I hear a squeal.  
'Um! Guess *that* old eagle *couldn't* feel.

## THE STORY OF LITTLE REGRET

YOU asked me to tell you a story, dear,  
A tale of the long ago,  
So climb on my knee and I'll tell you now  
The prettiest one that I know.

The scene of my story lay far away  
In a country over the sea,  
And in this land not a person was sad  
But as happy as happy could be.

The people were small, much smaller than you,  
And many a soul lived there,  
Youths with hearts that were brave and true  
And maidens both young and fair.

An aged person was never seen  
For narry a one grew old,  
All the people retained their youth  
In this beautiful land, I'm told.

The place was known as Fairyland  
And the ruler a Fairy Queen,  
She ruled her people with kindness and love,  
And everything was serene.

The cats and dogs and the horses and cows  
Had wings and flew like birds,  
And they didn't converse in the language of sounds  
But talked in the plainest of words.

The trees were large, many times the size  
Of those that we have to-day,  
And their leaves were purple, pink and red  
And light blue blending to gray.

## THE STORY OF LITTLE REGRET

And the fruit that grew on those wonderful trees  
Was stuffed with candy and cake,  
And the children ate as much as they pleased,  
And never had stomach-ache.

Now in this land it happened there lived  
A maid called Little Regret,  
But how she came by this funny name,  
I'm not going to tell you yet.

Her eyes were as blue as Italy's sky  
And her skin was more than fair,  
And not in the history of man was seen  
Such beautiful golden hair.

Her voice was soft and musical,  
And her laughter sweet to hear,  
And there wasn't a soul but loved the child—  
People from far and near.

Now she, like all of the Fairy-folk,  
Was as happy as happy could be,  
And I guess if the truth were really known  
None were as happy as she.

She loved the trees, the grass, the flowers,  
The hills and each pretty wood,  
For Regret was a child of Nature,  
And her language she understood.

Every day she walked for miles  
Over the hills and dales,  
Guided alone by Nature  
Along her prettiest trails.



## THE STORY OF LITTLE REGRET

And it happened, on one of these daily strolls,  
She saw something sparkle and glitter,  
And stooping, she picked up a piece of glass,  
In which lay a tale most bitter.

Now glass was something new to the child  
And placing it to her eye,  
She viewed the beautiful landscape.  
The ocean and the sky.

And then, as if by magic,  
The lands beyond the sea  
Flashed across her vision,  
Showing people in poverty.

She saw many thousand children,  
Ragged, sick and forlorn,  
And she thought how reversed the conditions were  
To those under which she was born.

She had never heard of this other land  
Nor of people outside of her sphere,  
And the sight of their sickness and poverty  
Brought forth the child's first tear.

And into her life of happiness  
Came a feeling of deep regret,  
That she should live in luxury,  
While others were thus beset.

Many an hour she watched this scene  
And many a tear she shed,  
Then homeward, at last, she wound her way  
With a heart as heavy as lead.

## THE STORY OF LITTLE REGRET

She showed to the Fairies the piece of glass  
And told them all she had seen,  
And for money to aid the suffering ones  
She appealed to the Fairy Queen.

Now the Queen had a heart as big as herself,  
And she listened for one whole day  
To the pitiful tale of the beautiful child,  
Who was once so happy and gay.

And then with a great big hug and kiss  
She named her, "Little Regret,"  
And from that moment the child became  
The Fairy Queen's idolized pet.

And she gave to the child what money she asked  
To aid the sick and the poor,  
And she also gave her the moon, my dear,  
In which to make the great tour.

So Little Regret crossed over the sea  
In the bough of the great big moon,  
And reached the shores of that foreign land  
The following day about noon.

She visited all the wretched homes  
Of the maim, the halt and the blind,  
And it grieved her much that in all the land  
Not a helping hand could she find.

So she first built hospitals for the sick,  
Then homes for the aged and poor,  
And equipped them with every comfort,  
That money and brains could procure.

## THE STORY OF LITTLE REGRET

And after doing what lay in her power,  
To make them happy and well,  
Over the ocean she sped once more,  
The glorious news to tell.

But Fairyland had lost its charm,  
For Little Regret, I should say,  
For she tarried only a day and a night  
Then returned to that land far away.

But she often visited Fairyland,  
When her work was so that she could,  
But most of her time was spent in the place  
Where she felt she could do the most good.

Little Regret died years ago,  
Hundreds of years or more,  
But the memory of her and the good that she did  
Has travelled from shore to shore.

And after she died, Fairyland  
Never was quite the same,  
For her death brought sadness into hearts  
Where sorrow before never came.

And one by one the Fairies grew old,  
And one by one passed away,  
Till now the Queen and her beautiful land  
Are things of a by-gone day.

On the face of the moon is a painting now,  
The head of a maiden fair,  
It's Little Regret—and the Fairy Queen  
Is the artist that painted it there.

### A GOOD PLAN

**O**N a windy, stormy night  
I tuck the covers down all tight,  
Then I poke my eyes and nose  
'Way down underneath the clothes.

But I always leave one ear  
Half way out, so I can hear  
Every little tiny sound,  
'Cause a burglar might come 'round.

Then do you 'spose I'd have him think  
That he put me on the bink ?  
Guess I wouldn't, for I'd hide  
*Long* before he had me spied.

### HARD LUCK

**I** HAD a little pussy-cat,  
A little doggie too.  
The doggie growled and said "bow-wow,"  
The pussy-cat, "mew-mew."

Just then a naughty little mouse  
Came scamp'ring 'cross the floor,  
An awful something happened—and—  
I saw the three no more.

## MOTHER WAS A GIRL, YOU KNOW

**G**IRLS are hard to understand.  
Golly, but they beat the band!  
Their silly, cranky little ways  
Sets my temper all a-blaze.

When we play at hide-and-coop,  
Tag or maybe loop-the-loop,  
Just as things are going right,  
Then they up and start a fight.

When I try to patch the row,  
I get the worst of it somehow.—  
The girls begin to boo-hoo-hoo!  
And say, "the blame is all on you."

Sometimes, I get awful mad,  
And feel like saying something bad,  
But somehow then I seem to see  
Mother's face smile down on me.

And from her home up in the skies  
She seems to say, with loving eyes,  
"Remember dear, not long ago  
*Mother* was a girl, you know."

## FISHES

**I**F I could be an animal or anything I wish,  
I think that I would choose to be a tiny little fish,  
'Cause fishes they ain't whipped an' kicked like horses, cats an'  
dogs,  
An' fishes they ain't butchered up like cows an' sheep an' hogs.

An' fishes don't get scared to death by women yellin' "scat,"  
Like every little mousie does an' every Mama rat.  
An' they ain't killed to death like birds, for no such silly thing  
As decoratin' ladies' hats by stickin' on a wing.

No sir, fishes they have sport a-swimmin' all day long,  
An' they don't never go to bed, unless I'm dreadful wrong.  
Why they jus' have a stack of fun, twice as much as boys,  
Even if they don't cut up an' make an awful noise.

An' they don't have three meals a day, an' nothin' in between  
For fear they'll get digestion, or you know what I mean.  
Whenever they get hungry like, they gobble bugs an' flies,  
An' I jus' bet they taste to them as good as punkin pies.

An' soap an' washcloths don't butt in an' smash up all their fun,  
They jus' go on a-swimmin' nice an' then their washin's done.  
If that ain't one jim dandy way to live I'd like to know!  
If you were a little boy like me, I'm sure that you'd think so.

Now, if *fishes* are silly enough to bite an ugly hook,  
Without a-thinkin' it over or takin' another look,  
Why then I have no sympathy because it's all their fault.  
It's worse than little birdies a-bein' caught with salt.

If they'd jus' take the trouble to raise their eyes a bit,  
They'd see the man a-fishin' there, his pole an' whole outfit.  
If I were a fish, I'd use more sense an' sorter glance around,  
An' jus' steer clear of everything, anywhere near dry ground.

No sir'ee, I don't believe that fishes could be caught,  
If they'd jus' use what Mama calls that *little second thought*.

## THE TWO ARTISTS

**T**HE Summer days have gone once more,  
And Autumn has closed and locked their door;  
And now with palette and brush in hand,  
She's painting the foliage all through the land.

She'll color the trees, the vines and the grass  
Of the meadow, the hill and the dale,  
And the children who wish may follow her  
Over her well blazed trail.

She slashes with yellow, orange and red,  
Blended with purple and brown,  
And when she has finished, you'll find the world  
Clothed in a bright new gown.

But just as she's adding her finishing stroke,  
You'll see a new Artist appear,  
And over her beautiful work of art,  
A coat of white paint he'll smear.

And then the grass, the leaves and the vines,  
Will all shrivel up and die.  
The name of this Artist, I'll leave to you,  
For I know you can guess if you try.



## WHEN I'M A BIG MAN BY AN' BY

**W**HEN I'm a big man by an' by,  
Like Gran'pa six feet high,  
An' you're a grown-up lady too,  
Do you know what I'll do?

I'll work like brother night an' day,  
An' when I get my pay,  
I'll put it in a bank an' wait,  
To let it 'cumulate.

An' then I'll buy a house an' lot.  
I'll let you choose the spot.  
I'll tell you how I love you then.  
I'll tell you 'gen an' 'gen.

An' then we'll go to Mr. Stowe,  
The minister you know,  
An' let him tie a knot or two  
'Round me an' then 'round you.

An' when we're tied up good an' tight,  
We'll go away that night,  
An' take a little weddin' trip  
On some big ocean ship.

I guess we'll go to Chinaland,  
You know that's awful grand,  
Kal'mazoo an' Timbuctoo  
An' maybe that'll do.

I think I'll start this very day  
An' lay my pennies 'way;  
Then maybe we won't have to wait  
To let them 'cumulate.

Now you must call me dear, you see,  
An' I'll call you my dearie;  
Then I'll protect you till I die,  
When I'm a big man by an' by.

## IF

**I**F every little boy and girl  
Realized the fact,  
That their parents' happiness is at stake  
For them to either make or break,  
I'm sure that they would use more tact,  
And guard with care their every act.

## THE FAIRY-BIRD

I WONDER if there's such a thing  
As Fairies and Fairyland.  
I think there must be, for some things  
I just *can't* understand.

Some say that there's no Santa Claus.  
Well now, if that's the case,  
How do all the presents get  
Around the fire-place?

There's something kind o' spooky like  
About my Birthday too.  
I don't get presents from *my* folks  
As other children do.

But the Birthday Bird, he brings them all.  
Now doesn't that seem queer?  
And the strangest part is, how the folks  
Know when the Bird is near.

When everything is just as still,  
And I can't hear a sound,  
Then Uncle Barrie hollers, "Hark!  
The Birdie says, 'look 'round.'"

Then I go searching high and low  
Through each room in the house,  
Till, all at once, I find my gifts  
Hid snugger than a mouse.

Now that can't be a common Bird,  
For common birds don't talk.  
A Fairy Bird it must be then,  
Perhaps a Fairy Hawk.

So if there is no Santa Claus,  
A thing I can't believe,  
It *must be* then the Fairy Bird  
That comes on Christmas Eve.

### TOMMY'S LOGIC

**I**N Winter when I sneeze they say  
I'm surely takin' cold,  
Then get the doctor double quick  
An' usually they scold.

In Summer when it's awful hot,  
An' I'm 'bout roasted dead,  
I look right straight up at the sun  
An' mos' sneeze off my head.

So now I'd like to know jus' what  
They mean by all such stuff,  
For I'm sure I sneeze the same each time.  
That fact is plain enough.

If I'm takin' cold in Winter,  
I'd jus' like to know  
What I'm takin' in Summer,  
When I'm perspirin' so?

I guess the truth of the matter  
Is this (but don't you tell),  
In Winter the Doctors are poorer  
So, *of course* they say I'm not well.

### IF I COULD HAVE ONE WISH COME TRUE

"**I**F I could have one wish come true,  
I'd wish to change my place with you"—  
Said a little boy to his Mother one day,  
As he climbed on her lap tired out from play.

"What a funny wish," the Mother said.  
"Whatever put such a thought in your head?  
For *why* you would like to change places with me  
Is more than I can possibly see."

"Well, Mama, these are my reasons why—  
You never get tired, an' you never cry,  
An' you never get naughty an' cross like me,  
An' have to be spanked over Papa's knee.

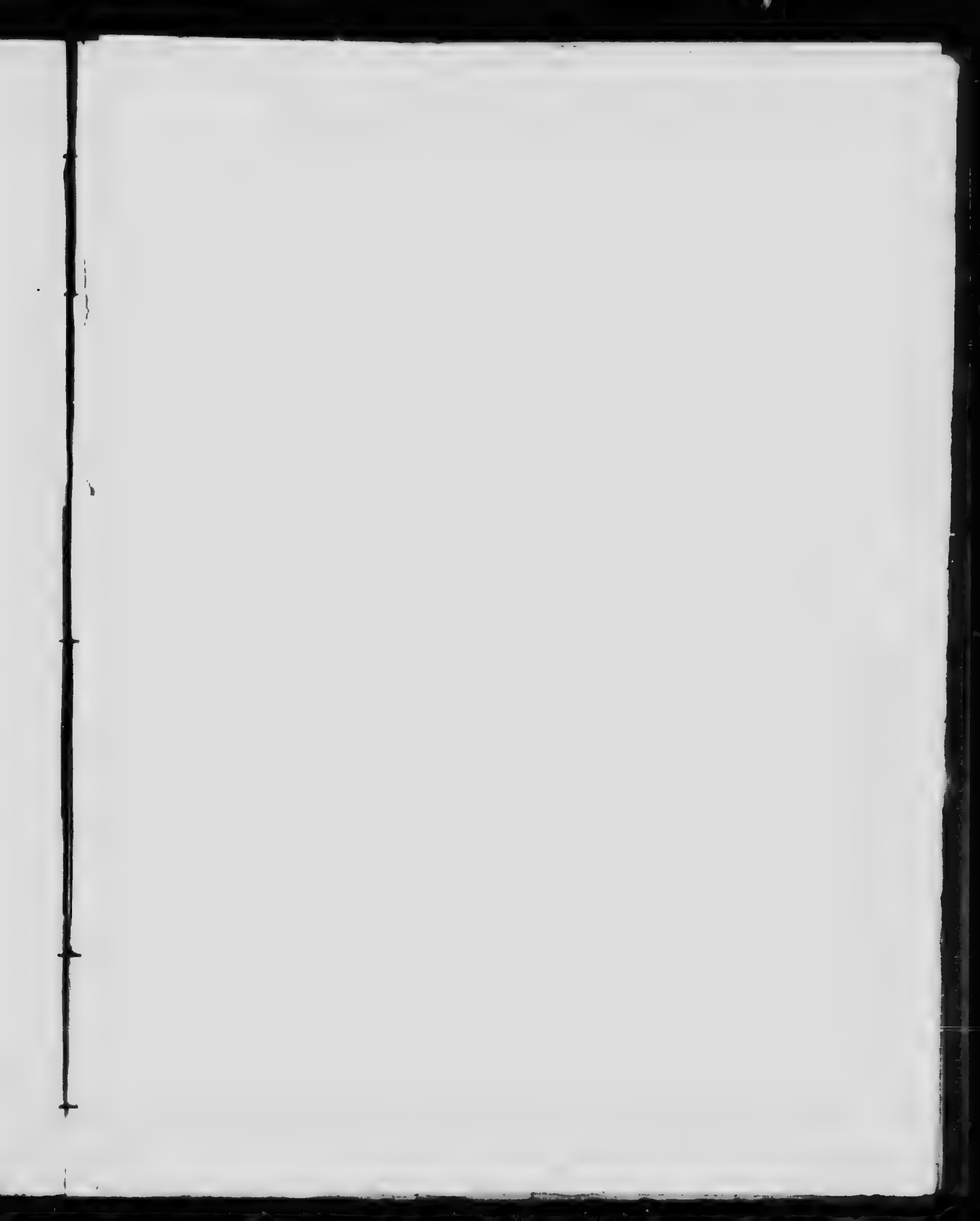
You're good an' you're happy all day long,  
An' you never do anything one speck wrong,  
So you see, Mama dear, why I'd like to be you,  
An' I guess lots of other small boys would too."

### A GREAT SCHEME

I WISH I knew who set the style of gettin' undressed at night,  
I'd like to meet *that person*, and you bet we'd have a fight,  
For it's such an awful bother to get undressed—an then—  
You just have all the trouble of gettin' dressed again.

If grown-folks want to fuss like that, before they go to bed,  
I don't see no objections, so let them go ahead.  
But you see it's only nonsense, for boys at least, I mean,  
For it takes up most all the time they don't spend gettin' clean.

If I never had to get undressed I'd have more time to play,  
And I'm sure that it would give me just twice as long a day,  
For I wouldn't start for bed so soon and I'd never get up late,  
I'll tell my scheme to Mama and I know she'll think it's great.





*Said little Boy Blue to little Bo Peep  
If you'll marry me, you needn't tend sheep  
Said little Bo Peep to little Boy Blue  
If that is the case I'll marry you*



## COMMOTION IN MOTHER GOOSE LAND

S AID Little Boy Blue to Little Bo-Peep,  
"If you'll marry me, you needn't tend sheep."  
Said Little Bo-Peep to Little Boy Blue,  
"If *that* is the case I'll marry you."

So over the meadows, fresh with dew,  
Little Boy Blue and the maiden flew.  
They straddled the cow that jumped the moon,  
And ran a race with the dish and the spoon.

They bumped right into Jack and Jill,  
And knocked them both clear over the hill.  
The dog that laughed to see such sport,  
Ended his mirth with a terrible snort.

Jack Horner, on seeing them all rush by,  
Forgot the plum and swallowed the pie.  
And big Jack Sprat and his wife so keen  
Didn't have time the platter to clean,  
But joined the parade that hurried through town,  
With the Man in the Moon in the lead as the Clown.

Old King Cole,  
That merry old soul,  
At the sight got a horrible grouch,  
And boxed the ears of the Queen of Tarts  
Till the poor little maid hollered, "ouch."

Little Tom Tucker  
Gave no thought to supper  
'Mid all the confusion and noise.  
He sought the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe,  
And routed out all of her boys.

## COMMOTION IN MOTHER GOOSE LAND

Little Miss Muffet got awfully gay,  
And invited the Spider to eat of her whey;  
While the Pretty Maid that a-milking would go  
Decided that stunt altogether too slow.

The Clock told the Mouse to join in the fun,  
And not bother waiting for it to strike One,  
But Mousie ran up as the Clock ran down,  
Then scampered away with the crowd through town.

Mary's Pet Lamb, so meek and polite,  
Turned on Mary and started to fight,  
Which pleased the Teacher to such a degree,  
She threw up her hands and shouted with glee.

Old Mother Hubbard,  
Jerking open the Cupboard,  
Found bones of all kinds by the score,  
So for once her poor Dog  
Ate like a hog,  
Knowing well that he'd never get more.

Now I failed to say, what caused such commotion,  
But I guess by this time you have a fair notion.—  
Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue  
Had business they wanted the parson to do,  
But parsons were scarce, as the story will show,  
So we'll bid them adieu and good luck as they go.

### SPRING RAINS

**A** WARM Spring rain  
Is the farmer's gain,  
For it aids the growth of his garden and grain.  
Without the farmer we'd have no bread,  
For it's due to his labors that we are fed.

So remember, my dear, when it rains in Spring,  
That it is, as you see, a most valuable thing.  
And the farmer's gain is our gain too,  
So pray don't grumble whatever you do.

## WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO IF YOU COULD?

**W**OULDND'T you like to be a swallow  
Or a dandy big black crow,  
An' go sailin' through the air  
Round the world or anywhere?  
Wouldnd't you like to if you could?  
Wouldnd't you? You bet *I* would.

Or wouldnd't you like to be a fox,  
And live in a cave 'way in the rocks,  
An' every night an' every day  
Eat whatever came your way?  
Wouldnd't you like to if you could?  
Wouldnd't you? You bet *I* would.

Or wouldnd't you like to be a bear,  
With great big claws an' bushy hair,  
An' have the whole world scart of you,  
All the folks an' animals too?  
Wouldnd't you like to if you could?  
Wouldnd't you? You bet *I* would.

Well then, I s'pose *you'd* like to be  
Just about the size of a flea,  
Or p'r'aps a horrid tame old cat,  
That snoops around for a harmless rat.  
If you weren't a girl an' so pretty an' good,  
I'd shake you quick, you bet *I* would!

### FAIRYLAND

I LOVE to lie awake at night,  
When all the stars are shining bright,  
And watch them through a hole I made  
Just for that purpose, in my shade.

And don't you know I sorter think,  
From the spooky way they wink,  
That Fairies live in every Star,  
And Fairyland is what they are.

For Fairies surely live somewhere,  
And it *looks* like Fairyland up there.  
Sometime, you watch the stars, and see  
If you don't kinda 'gree with me.

## TOMMY AND THUNDERSTORMS

**I** AIN'T a-scared of lightnin',  
Only it's awful bright,  
An' fearin' it might hurt my eyes,  
I close 'em both up tight.

I ain't afraid of thunder,  
Not a *speck* more'n you,  
But when a big crash shakes the house,  
'Course my teeth chatter too.

## AUNT OPHELIA—MY GREAT AUNT

AUNT Ophelia's my Great Aunt,  
An' there ain't a thing she can't  
Do—if I ask her to,  
She's my friend an' she's *true blue*.

When I get an awful tear  
In my coat or pants somewhere,  
Aunt Ophelia mends it quick,  
An' you bet she does it slick.

When I cut or jam my finger,  
I jus' run and show it to her,  
Then she wraps it once or twice  
With a rag all clean an' nice.

When I smash my games or toys,  
(Which ain't nothin' new for boys),  
Aunt Ophelia gets her glue,  
An' she mends 'em good as new.

When my face is awful black,  
She puts one hand on my back,  
An' says, "Come, my dear, an' see  
What I've got for you an' me."

In the bathroom then we go  
To the glass that hangs down low,  
Then we both look in an' laugh,  
Laugh, till we mos' bust in half.

Then she scrubs me spick an' span,  
Better than my nurse girl can.  
She don't scold me—not one bit,  
Fact is she don't mention it.

Then she takes down from a shelf  
Candy—an' says, "Help yourself,"  
Then she cures my stomach-ache  
With some stuff I love to take.

Folks all tell me that some day  
I'll get married an' go 'way,  
But I tell 'em, "*No, I sha'n't*  
'Long as I have my Great Aunt."

### LITTLE TED'S IDEAS

**I**T'S mighty hard for little boys to sit in school all day,  
And study, study, study when their mind is all on play.  
It's all-right when a boy is big to go to college then,  
But little boys ain't s'posed to know as much as great big men.



## MAMA'S BRAVE PROTECTOR

**C**REAK, creak an' rattlety-clang,  
How the house shakes, an' how the things bang,  
When the wind blows, as it's sure to do,  
All through March an' in April too.

I don't mind it, a speck, while it's light,  
But when the wind howls an' whistles at night,  
An' my bed shakes an' tosses me 'round,  
Then I tremble at every sound.

Not that I'm really *afraid* you know,  
But I'm sur; poor Mama must be so,  
An' sometimes I 'magine I hear her call,  
Then I creep out as far as the hall.

But before I know it, I'm back in bed  
With all the covers pulled over my head.  
*Not 'cause I'm scared*, but I just want to plan  
How to reach Mama as quick as I can.

When I'm through planning it's awfully late,  
And I'm 'bout ready to suffocate.  
Then I make one tremendous dash,  
An' reach Mama's bed as quick as a flash.

An' when I stop trembling an' get all warm,  
I somehow forget the wind an' the storm.  
Then I think how grateful Mama must be,  
To have such a brave protector as me.

### BAD SIGNS FOR BAD CHILDREN

**W**HEN the moon is high and the stars are bright,  
And big-eyed owls hoot all night,  
And the wind goes whistling through the pines,  
Then look out children, for these are signs  
That the goblins are coming ten thousand strong,  
To gobble up little folks who have done wrong.  
But good little children need never fear,  
For only the naughty ones disappear.

## A LESSON

A BIRD, very wee, sat on a big tree  
With a sly little look in his eye.  
"Wouldn't you like to be me," said he,  
"And fly as high as the sky?"

"If I were you," said I, in reply,  
"I wouldn't aim quite so high.  
I would fly to the heart of some sad soul,  
And replace what this wicked world stole.

I would build there a nest for the heart-aches to rest,  
And sow a few seeds of kind deeds,  
Till I saw each day the sorrows roll 'way,  
And that sunshine had come there to stay."

"Ah!" quoth he, with a voice full of glee,  
"If you mortals would do as you preach,  
The world would be very different, you'd see,  
For you'd grasp more things within reach."

Then he flapped his wings (two beautiful things),  
And flew in the air, who knows where?  
But the lesson he taught wasn't spoken for naught,  
For it reached its goal deep in my soul.

### A HAPPY LAND FOR BOYS

**M**AMA read me, other day,  
'Bout some people far away,  
That don't dress up like we do.  
Never wear a hat or shoe,  
Never bother 'bout a coat,  
Nor old collars 'round their throat.  
Can't believe in underclothes,  
Nor wear rings stuck through their nose;  
Nor a tiny little skirt,  
Nor round their waist—but that don't hurt,  
Seein' that is all they wear.  
Golly, but I wish I' s there!

### THE EXCHANGE

**T**ELL me, pretty Meadow Lark,  
Why you feel so gay,  
And never tire of singing  
All the livelong day.

I wonder if you're happy  
Just because you're free,  
And never have to work hard,  
Nor go to school like me?

I wish we could change places!  
I'm willing—are you?  
But you can't have my Mama,  
Dolly, I'll keep too.

'Course my doll would want her house,  
And her Sailor chum.  
Then I wouldn't care to part  
With my books and drum.

And while we're making bargains,  
I'll just add one more —  
When you take my bed to-night,  
*Please* don't lock my door.

### THE PRAIRIE CROCUS

**L**ITTLE Prairie Crocus,  
In her purple gown,  
Looks like an amethyst,  
Set in Nature's crown.

## TOMMY'S TROUBLES

**O**NCE I ran away, you know,  
Jus' about a year ago.  
Didn't do it to be bad.  
Did it jus' because I 's mad  
At my nurse, an' she at me  
'Cause I didn't mind, you see.  
Mama wasn't home that day.  
She an' Papa went away  
On the choo-choo cars somewhere.  
Left me home, which wasn't fair.  
Then my cross old nurse Irene,  
Treated me jus' *awful* mean.  
Wouldn't let me do a thing.  
Wouldn't even give me string,  
When I wished to tie up tight  
Boaf the cats an' see 'em fight.  
Wouldn't let me drive a nail  
Froo the bottom of a pail.  
Wouldn't even let me play  
Wiv a pitch-fork in the hay.  
Wouldn't let me chop down trees.  
Wouldn't let me bring some bees  
In the house an' turn 'em loose.  
Wouldn't let me ride the goose.  
Least, she said I mustn't try,  
'Cause I'd hurt him, nen he'd die.  
But I tried it jus' the same,  
'Cause he looked so nice an' tame.  
Strutted right up to my side,  
'Nough to say—"Please have a ride."  
So I gave one dandy jump,  
Landed on the ground kerplump,  
'Cause the goosie he jumped too,  
*Meanest thing that he could do).*

## TOMMY'S TROUBLES

Never even touched his back.  
But, o' course, he had to quack,  
An' play tattle-tale on me.  
(Why he did it I can't see).  
Nen Irene came rushin' out  
To see what all the noise was 'bout.  
An' she scolded me so hard  
'At I jus' sneaked out the yard  
When she lef' me 'lone once more,  
An' I saw 'er close the door.  
'Course nex' day I got my spanks,  
An' the goose—*he* got the thanks.

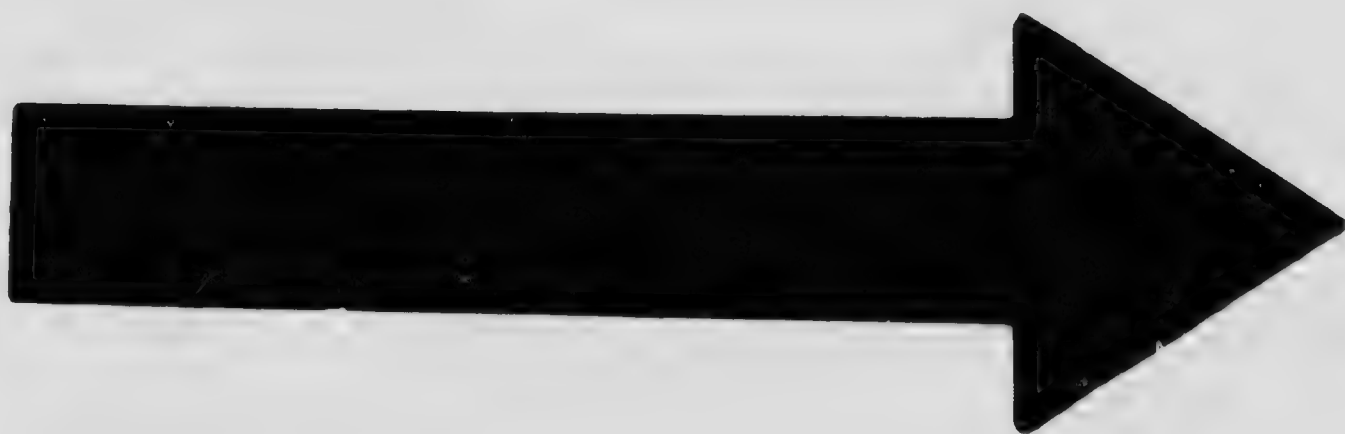


### DREAMLAND

**A**FTER my evening prayer was said,  
Mama kissed me an' put me to bed.  
I closed my eyes an' travelled 'way  
To Dreamland, where each night I play.

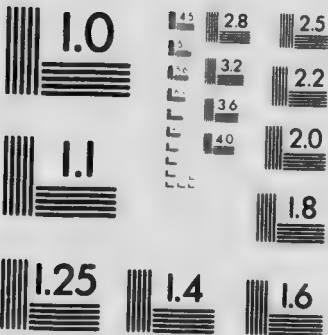
I saw a room packed full of toys,  
Everything '*maginable* for boys,  
An' candy more than I could eat—  
I never did have such a treat!

Then, in the midst of all my play  
I 'wakened, an' saw jus' plain day,  
An' all the good things—gone from sight.  
Gee, I wish t'was always night!



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1250 Old County Road  
Riverside, CA 92507  
714/941-5555

## THE FOUNDATION OF MAN

**Y**OU'LL find, little boy, as time drifts by,  
And the candle of youth burns low,  
That your thoughts will return to these golden  
days,  
And your love for the past will grow.

And the glorious hours you spend in school,—  
Hours you blindly abhor,  
As the veil of youth lifts, you'll 'waken and find,  
That you cherish them more and more.

And the fabulous troubles that haunt you now,  
And the fears that stand in your way,  
Will dwindle to naught as the years roll by,  
Will vanish like night into day.

But Laddie, remember that this is life.  
Life as it always has been,  
And it's not for a rollicking chap like you  
To peer over Future's screen.

But enjoy the days, as they come and go,  
And draw from each what you can  
Of youthful joys, and of childish dreams,  
For that's the foundation of man.

### THE POOR LITTLE CAPTIVE FLOWER

I'M what the world loves—a beautiful thing,  
The first little flower that blossoms in Spring,  
And I meant no harm, when I lifted my head  
From Winter's chilly, uncomfortable bed.  
So why, *oh why* did you take me away  
From life in the open so happy and gay ?

You've broken my neck and wounded my heart,  
And my beautiful leaves, you've torn them apart,  
And now I am dying, dying you see,  
Dying because you did this to me.

A vase of cold water is not like the sun,  
And I really can't see what good has been done  
By your bringing me here to wither and die,  
When I might still be happy 'neath God's open sky.

**IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT TELL**

**D**O the duty that confronts you,  
Do it quickly—do it well.  
If it seems but small, remember—  
It's the *little* things that tell.

### DO YOU KNOW,?

**D**O you know why the grass is so pretty a green,  
And the sky so exquisite a blue?  
And the fluffy white clouds that go sailing on high,  
Do you know why they're beautiful too?

Do you know why the lillies that grow in the field,  
And the roses that bloom by the way,  
And the dear little daisies and buttercups too,  
Are attired in apparel so gay?

Don't you know—can't you guess why such beauty pre-  
vails

From the greater things down to the small?  
Don't you think it must be to incline our thoughts more  
To the Lord, the Creator of all?

### WHAT MONEY CANNOT BUY

**A** BOY has many things to learn  
And a boy has many things to earn.  
The things he has to learn, he'll find  
Will gradually pop into his mind.  
But here conditions take a turn  
And a boy must *work* for what he'd *earn*.  
These earnings prove the man he'll be  
On reaching his maturity.  
The boy who's wise, no matter how small,  
Will crave respect from one and all.  
Likewise good-will and love from those  
He happens to meet where'er he goes.  
All this he'll earn by being square,  
In all of his dealings—just and fair.  
Conscientious too, he must be  
And truthful to the last degree.  
On mastering this my boy, you'll find  
You've gained respect from all mankind.  
Then look the whole world in the eye,  
For you've *earned* what *money cannot buy*.



**TRY**

**T**RY is such a little word, we often pass it by,  
But if we knew what it could do,  
You'd find, we'd never be so blind.

### A MORNING PRAYER

**I** THANK Thee, dear God, for Thy kind loving care  
Through the long dark hours of the night.  
And I thank Thee for letting me sleep so well  
And for waking me now that it's light.  
And please, dear God, don't leave me I pray,  
But stay with me all through the day,  
And help me to do the things I should do  
And make me be quick to obey.  
And please keep Satan from crossing my path  
And please keep my tongue from a lie;  
And help me to live such an honorable life  
That I'll never be frightened to die.  
And when all my work in this world is done,—  
The work that You wish me to do,  
O please, dear Father, forgive all my sins,  
And take me to Heaven with You.

Amen.

### AN EVENING PRAYER

**I** THANK You, dear Jesus, for what You have done  
To make me so happy today.  
And I thank You for keeping me healthy and strong  
And free from all harm in my play.  
And if I did things that I shouldn't have done,  
Or slighted the things I should do,  
Forgive me, dear Jesus, and help me to grow  
In thoughts and in actions like You.  
And now that the twilight is gathering once more,  
And my happy day's ended, I pray  
That You'll guard me all night, and then open my eyes  
To the light of another new day.  
Amen.

### GOOD-BYE

**W**ELL, boys and girls, the time has come when you and I  
must part,

But I leave you most unwillingly and with a heavy heart ;  
For the pleasure it has given me to tell you these few tales  
Is far beyond the power of speech—my every effort fails.

I wish you all the best of health, and a long and happy life,  
And may you never cross the path of sorrow, care nor strife.  
So good-bye friends and don't forget, wherever you may be,  
That I'll often think of you, dears, and I *hope* you'll think of me.

